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New Republic

NOVEMBER 22, 1948

THE MAN WHO ELECTED TRUMAN

By CLAIRE NEIKIND

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THE POLITICS OF ISRAEL

FIRST OF A SERIES

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GUNS FOR WESTERN EUROPE

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by Gus Tyler and Joe Miller

• Labor is on the *march!* The major conventions, which began November 15, are likely to set goals under a liberal Truman Administration. In next week's issue of *New Republic,* Gus Tyler of the ILGWU will report and interpret the AFL convention. The following week, Joe Miller of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* will complete the picture when he gives you the high spots and a penetrating analysis of the CIO convention.

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by William Harlan Hale

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New Republic

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CONTENTS FOR NOV. 22, 1948

5 Editorial
6 The Week:
6 Truman at Key West
7 Brass Hats Dented
7 Dr. Gallup and the Flag
8 Secretary Sawyer Secedes
8 The Negro Prefers Truman
8 Gene's Boy Gets Smart
9 Outside America
11 David and the Two Goliaths
16 The Man Who Elected Truman
19 Adding Guns to ECA Butter
22 Books
26 Radio
27 Movies
28 Theatre
29 Music
30 Correspondence
31 Bandwagon

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WASHINGTON WIRE

THE DISINTEGRATION of the Dewey Team on election night in New York's Hotel Roosevelt was sad and at the same time funny. A few hours after the assorted experts had been masterminding plans not merely for America but for the globe, they went out quietly seeking humdrum civilian jobs. Some of them had invested years in Dewey service, too, with a White House goal just within their grasp.

We shall always remember the parting instructions a Philadelphia correspondent got from his paper before boarding the Truman train: "We have lots of Democratic readers and you can lean as far as you want to Harry. We don't care; we know he's licked."

Following the election, Washington is considering an Excess Prophets Tax.

The discriminating aim with which the public knocked off congressional reactionaries is a rather awe-inspiring sign of political maturity. The victims included Harold Knutson, Forest Harness; McDowell and Vail of the Un-American Activities Committee; Gearhart of California, Miller of Connecticut, Buffett of Nebraska, and dozens of others. Truman has a stronger New Deal Congress today than FDR had at any time after '36.

A damper on election joy is the uncertainty about Truman. The fact has to be faced that the man who demoted Marriner Eccles; who didn't grasp the point of the conflict in the Wallace-Byrnes dispute; who proposed a law to draft rail strikers and whose federal appointments are well below par, is still an unknown quantity. This is said with the friendliest feeling to our Harry, but as an antidote to over-optimism in the new Honeymoon.

Popular demand for fresh leadership in Congress to carry through the progressive mandate is running smack into the stultifying seniority system of picking committee chairmen on the basis of length of service rather than ability. In practice it means that a group of Southern Methuselahs picked 20 years ago from safe districts on forgotten issues now replace a group of GOP Midwest Methuselahs. Not a single New Englander or West Coaster will get a chairmanship in the Democratic overturn, though Truman's election would have been impossible without these sections.

Everything Truman publicly stood for is opposed by Representative Rankin (D, Miss.), yet under "seniority" he is in line to head the powerful Veterans' Committee, while as ranking majority member behind mild Representative Wood (D, Ga.), he may dominate what is left of the Un-American Activities Committee. Mrs. Roosevelt's advice for a final purge of Dixiecrats will probably be followed only for top state leaders.

An encouraging sign is a revolt of Republican Yankees and other GOP liberals against the Taft-Wherry-Martin leadership. Truman's victory really comes as more of a shock to Republicans than all the earlier Roosevelt victories and may have more effect on party management. It would be funny if the GOP learned the lesson of 1948 before some Democrats did.

With a reform mayor in Chicago (Kennelly), a progressive as Governor (Stevenson) and another as Senator (Douglas), Illinois becomes the chief shop window in the nation for the New Democrats. Improvement of American municipal government has been a major trend of our times. New York and now Chicago are examples; on the reverse side, however, there are always Boston and Jersey City.

Truman's social-legislation program almost inevitably means higher taxes or more inflation. First to feel the tax nip is apt to be Big Business, cur-

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rently making unprecedented profits. A key figure is likely to be able Joe O'Mahoney (D, Wyo.), who proposes a choice for rich corporations: contribute to a balanced federal budget by higher tax payment or else help fight inflation by cutting prices and, thereby, avoiding excess-profits taxes.

Notes. The University of Michigan has curtailed the promising Workers' Educational Service which last year reached 60,000 workers with 40 instructors. The CIO charges that President Wilson of General Motors took offense at collateral reading criticizing management policies, and intervened with the Board of Regents. Michigan Regents are elected, so the matter promises to be a hot political issue. . . . The Chicago *Tribune* doesn't like Dartmouth's internationalist "Great Issues" course which has been analyzing the *Trib's* propaganda along with the *Daily Worker's*. It says the course "has placed Dartmouth alongside Harvard in the front rank of New Dealish schools." If we know Hanover, this insult will rankle, not in calling it New Dealish but in comparing it to Harvard.

Herbert Hoover has given a preview of some of his plans for streamlining the Executive, which sound reasonable enough. The Republican Congress established his commission to eliminate "extravagance and excessive centralization," among other things, and Washington can't help suspecting that a knife is being sharpened against New Deal social agencies. . . . No thesis has been so quickly overthrown as that of Representative Hartley (R, N. J.), Taft-Hartley co-author, that trade-union support for a congressman is a "liability." Hitherto trade unionists have demobilized quickly after winning an election. CIO and AFL conventions are now being told, however, that the real test of the 1948 victory will come in 1950—in other words whether labor is in politics for keeps. . . . There's a widespread feeling here that the war-danger stage of the Berlin crisis is about over, that a compromise will be worked out.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 119, NUMBER 21, ISSUE 1773, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 22, 1948 **New Republic**

A TIME TO KEEP PROMISES

AT A TIME when world tension is rising and all of our resources are employed, Americans have elected a government to carry out three Herculean tasks:

To assure Europe's military security as well as our own;

To enact a major welfare program;

To protect consumers against inflation.

Within eight weeks, in his State of the Union speech, his Economic Report and his Budget Message, the President will face the challenge of these tasks. The shortsighted will counsel that the first task be abandoned; the conservative, that the second be postponed; the timid, that the third be forsaken. But this is no time for shortsightedness, conservatism or timidity. The three tasks are one, and all within our power to accomplish.

Europe's security will require appropriations of perhaps $1.5 billion for the coming fiscal year. We cannot delay this program even if negotiations with the USSR progress; and we cannot provide the funds from ERP commitments.

America's welfare requires that we enact at least these short-term programs:

A 75-cent minimum wage, providing increased wages for 1.6 million workers;

Federal aid to education, raising the salaries of a million teachers, and improving school buildings and equipment;

Extended Social Security, raising benefits, and adding 20 million jobs to the 30 million now covered;

A public-housing and slum-clearance program, three times the 100,000 units offered annually under the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill.

These domestic and international programs, and the further measures to which the government is committed, may raise federal expenditures $4 billion above this year's $41 billion budget, assuming that our own arms expenditures are not increased. Such a budget is well within America's capacity if we follow these principles:

National planning in long-range terms;

Redistribution of income by progressive taxation;

Selective controls.

We are already committed to national planning. The Employment Act of 1946 orders the government to "coördinate and utilize all its plans, functions and resources" to bring about and to maintain maximum production and employment. So far, the Act has been bypassed. Now, increasing demand on our resources requires that we give up a piecemeal approach to our budget and economy, that we define and implement our national production needs and goals.

In terms of national planning, the redirection of our economy toward a welfare program is desirable today. The rate of private investment, which largely determines employment, is repeating the old pattern of boom and bust. It has climbed to a peak rate of $19 billion a year, far outstripping the rise in purchasing power. If full employment is to be maintained, private investment needs to be stabilized at a lower level and supplemented by public investment in welfare programs.

Private investment is financed today largely out of the record profits of industry. Redistributing the national income by taxing excess profits to finance the welfare program not only will provide for the pressing needs of Americans; it will stabilize full employment by reducing the unbalance between investment and consumption. For this reason a progressive tax program is the key economic measure of 1949.

To the extent that we fail to win a progressive tax program, the need for direct controls to halt inflation will multiply. As in the early war years, a national-planning approach will call for positive action to ensure plant expansion rather than emphasis on restrictive controls.

It means shaking loans loose from the RFC and encouraging competition. Yet more material for plant expansion means less for current use. Factories, hospitals, houses, dams and weapons for Europe all use the same materials. Allocation of scarce materials will be necessary unless private investment sharply recedes. And standby authority for price and wage control will still be needed.

None of these measures is easy for a democracy to enact. Is it safer for a democracy once again to confess that its promises are made to be broken?

This is the second in an editorial series following the victory of the Democratic Party. The third and fourth editorials will deal with congressional organization and international policy.

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THE WEEK

Truman at Key West

THERE MAY BE a new Truman in the making under the royal palms and the hot sunshine of this Navy base down here at land's end. But the character that carried Truman back to the philosophy of the New Deal and into the the White House for a term of his own winning is not yet discernible in vacation land.

This is not to say that the President won't come back swinging when he returns to Washington just before Thanksgiving. But, in gleeful relaxation with his old crony Monrad C. Wallgren, the gubernatorial lame duck from the state of Washington, it looked at first glance as if Truman might be dangerously close to falling back on the same category of old friends and fusty cronies who steered him so close to disaster before he struck out on his own in the presidential elections.

It may be that the loyal group of Democrats who moved in on the campaign in its closing weeks to provide the necessary staff work will yet emerge as top advisers. But at this moment, the inside track belongs to the Wallgrens and the Clark Cliffords.

Truman observed Armistice Day here on the Base. It could be, of course, that the President is celebrating a political armistice and will resume the political wars once he returns to Washington. Jonathan Daniels, for one, has been suggesting that he make progress slowly, on the theory that, with four years in which to establish his Administration's place in presidential history, this is no time for snap decisions of the type that time and again the past three and a half years brought the White House close to the edge of uncalled-for political disaster.

While the President tans himself on the little, hurricane-battered beach near his cottage, he is permitting the political laggards of his own Administration to stew in their own juice. There isn't much telephone communication between the temporary White House here and the cabinet and subcabinet. There are plenty of people in Washington suffering regrets for speeches unmade, campaign strikes neglected, and casual dismissals of the little man from Independence. Truman isn't doing much talking down here, but despite his silence, some things are beginning to emerge. The picture looks like this:

James V. Forrestal, of whom Governor Dewey talked so glowingly in private during the final days of the campaign, will not continue next year as Secretary of Defense.

Charles Sawyer of Ohio, who somehow was too busy to help out much in the election fight, is just about washed up as Secretary of Commerce.

General George C. Marshall intends to retire. Despite hints from Paris that Marshall may delay stepping down until mid-summer, people around Truman now say they expect the Secretary to leave some time this winter. It is no secret that Truman has been reflecting on Marshall's successor, and although he is not saying anything on the subject, the back-door gossip has made Lewis W. Douglas, the US Ambassador to the Court of St. James', the hottest tip of the moment.

There is a great deal of smoke and, perhaps, some fire around the Department of the Interior, too. The Truman janissaries are shooting at Julius A. ("Cap") Krug, and it is as yet hard to tell whether their shots are taking effect. If Krug should get squeezed, there doubtless would be a move to make Wallgren his successor. Oscar Chapman, the career Undersecretary of the Interior who fought and bled for the President, should have the inside track.

To see Truman here, neat as a pin in a brown slack suit with open collar, sporting a walking stick and with a long-visored fishing cap, you'd think he hadn't a care in the world. He delights to surprise the correspondents in the bachelor officer quarters where the press is established, to kibitz a billiard game for a moment, or catch the photographers in the pool and taunt them for not having their cameras handy.

But behind the horseplay under the royal palms, there is serious business. When Vice President-elect Alben W. Barkley, accompanied by Leslie L. Biffle, who will be the Secretary of the Senate in the 81st Congress, arrived by plane, some problems came up for settlement. It is Barkley and Biffle who must devise legislative strategy to prevent a Senate coalition between Southern reactionaries and Republican diehards and effect Truman's pledge to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act.

One answer is likely to be a tight string on patronage. Senator J. Howard McGrath, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, brought down plans to whip the Southern irregulars, rebels and outright Dixiecrats into line. It apparently will be a long, hard and hungry four years for those Southerners who don't hit the sawdust trail quickly.

There is something stirring in Truman's mind on the overbearing problem of basic American relations with the Soviet Union. Here again, Truman is moving slowly, and the temporary White House has been far less explicit, even off the record, than has the State Department in its confidences with the press. The White House spokesman, Acting Press Secretary Eben Ayers, spent the latter part of the week trumpeting the old Truman formula that the President is ready to see Marshal Stalin only if Stalin comes to the United States. That insistence, however, ignored the forces pressing

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for a new try for rapprochement at Paris and a tendency in the same direction in the Department of State—the department which Truman more than ever before has been looking at critically. Chief target is Undersecretary of State Robert A. Lovett, who, momentarily at least, is number one on Truman's list of top-drawer officials whose departure will not be lamented.

When the whistles and sirens on this naval base sounded off at 11 a.m. on Armistice Day, the President was frolicking on his private beach with the whole corps of correspondents for newspapers which, with only one or two exceptions, bitterly opposed his reëlection and forecast his political demise.

But the political shooting was over, even before the sirens went off. As Truman said earlier in the week:

"I'm through giving 'em hell. Now we'll work together."

THOMAS F. REYNOLDS

BRASS HATS DENTED

The Pentagon was as dismayed as Wall Street by the election returns. On the morning after, there were dark mutterings about "the rabble" and that "labor is getting too powerful."

Remote as it is from the main currents of national life, the High Brass has little love for labor and knows little about it. Whenever civilian committees are organized to consider military matters, labor representatives are included, but merely as a token. Actually, contacts between Top Brass and industry are too high-level to generate much sympathy or understanding of labor.

But the armed forces had an even more concrete reason for dismay. They had been confident that a Republican President would approve a large increase in the already swollen military budget.

Disturbed by the fact that military expenses absorb about one-third of the national budget, President Truman had given strict orders to the armed services to keep their total budget within $14 billion—allowing an extra $600 million for stockpiling. Con-

Dr. Gallup and the Flag

by Thomas Whiteside

DR. GALLUP'S recent fall from grace reminds me of the mysterious case of the televised American flag which I encountered while snooping around Dr. Gallup's elegant offices. Dr. Gallup, I had heard, was measuring audience reactions to television shows, so I made an appointment with one of his experts to find out how bloodshot the public eye was becoming under the impact of puppet shows, jugglers and antique Westerns.

It was then that the Gallup man showed me the American flag. He had reduced Old Glory to a graph. The stars were gone, and only a jagged stripe remained. Originally, the flag thus compressed had been flying on New York television screens. The flag got onto a Gallup graph in the interests of science.

One evening, as a part of the many services which the polling organization renders our advertising elite, the Gallup people had collected some televiewers and fastened them to a machine called the Hopkins Televoter to register their reactions toward various programs. (The "reaction" consisted of twisting dials marked from "poor" to "very good.") The audience's composite judgment then was recorded in the form of an "attitude graph."

The programs began with a newsreel, varying anywhere on the clicking needles from "interesting" (for a gas explosion which destroyed an apartment house) to "neutral" (for a singing commercial) and continued through a piece of artistry called "Champagne and Orchids" and a movie featurette involving hunting dogs and Rudy Vallee (the dogs registered "very good" and Mr. Vallee scarcely at all).

"Firestone Americana is an educational program," explained the Gallup expert as his finger traced the line of the graph through various dips of disapproval. "You see, the public just doesn't want to be educated."

"What's the program about?" I asked.

"Old coins," he said.

Old Glory, however, had saved the program graph from disaster, but not much less. As the flag had waved on the television screen and the orchestra played "The Star-Spangled Banner" the graph began to rise. But it didn't rise very far. It stuck. By the time the orchestra had finished, according to Dr. Gallup's chart the best reaction the American National Anthem had aroused from a representative cross-section of Americans ranged only between "neutral" and "good."

Curious! Why hadn't the anthem blown the top right off the graph with sheer enthusiasm? What happened, that these meticulously selected citizens should rate hound dogs higher than their country's flag? Had the television cameraman perhaps, through error, flown the flag upside down? Had the orchestra failed to do the music justice? Was a large section of the audience displaying—I hesitate to say it—un-Americanism? Or had it simply stood up respectfully during the Anthem, thereby releasing connective fingers from the Hopkins Televoter and automatically neglecting to register its collective patriotic emotions on the graph?

I don't know. I put a few queries, but Dr. Gallup's expert never did explain the phenomenon. But somehow or other I think that, now Dr. Gallup and his colleagues Elmo Roper and Archibald M. Crossley have retired to their IBM machines to ponder and reconcile the laws of probability and the unpredictability of human behavior, they must be asking themselves pretty much the same sort of question.

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vinced, like almost everyone else, that Truman would not be President after January 20, the Army, Navy and Air Force followed his orders halfheartedly and with the unconcealed intention of having much larger budgets prepared for use the moment he went out of office. One was for $23 billion; another for $29 billion.

Theoretically the Joint Chiefs must agree on budgets for their three services before they are passed on to the White House. As usual, Joint Chiefs have been scrapping over how much each should be allocated. All they can agree on is that they want more and more billions.

The inter-service fight, despite many oily words from the Defense Secretary's office, grew in intensity when the three services realized that they must go back to the budget limit which President Truman had laid down.

SECRETARY SAWYER SECEDES

Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, who was already on President Truman's blacklist for goofing off in the recent campaign, has given the President a new reason to fire him. In an address before the important National Foreign Trade Convention in New York, Secretary Sawyer proclaimed that "Government and private enterprise . . . must work together . . . for the common good." After thirty minutes of that kind of wisdom, Sawyer concluded that the government must "assume that businessmen are intelligent and honest, that a businessman knows more about his own business than a government employee, and that so far as possible we should leave the world's job, as well as our domestic job, to the individual initiative and industry which have brought such prosperity to America."

Secretary Sawyer's associates had originally written sections into his speech demanding full support for the International Trade Organization and extension of the present Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, two extremely pressing matters on which President Truman needs all the support he can get. Secretary Sawyer personally deleted these sections from the final draft, and thereby, it is hoped, deleted himself from the cabinet.

THE NEGRO PREFERS TRUMAN

Negro voters more than justified the increased voice in Democratic Party affairs their leaders are now demanding for them. Final returns from the major centers of Negro population show that in spite of concentrated Wallace-party appeal for their votes, Negroes backed Harry Truman as strongly as they ever backed Franklin Roosevelt.

The pattern of Negro voting nationally ran better than 75 percent for Truman. In Negro wards in Philadelphia, Chicago and Pittsburgh, the public preference of Truman to Wallace was overwhelming. Nine out of every 10 Negro voters in Philadelphia cast their ballots for Truman. City Magistrate Joseph Rainey, the Negro who led Wallace's local campaign, running in a district which has 131,000 votes (51 percent Negro), polled only 5,400 votes in all, only 2,400 of which, it is estimated, were Negro votes. Rainey's own home ward gave him only 430 votes out of 15,000. Only 32 of the 900 voters in his own local division supported the Wallace leader.

Chicago's second ward, where Representative William Dawson (slated to become the first Negro committee chairman in the new Congress) is ward committeeman, gave Truman more votes than did any other ward in the city. Dawson himself received 92,000 votes on the Democratic ticket to 5,000 for the Progressive Party candidate the Wallace forces had backed with all their might. Seventy-five percent of the Negro vote in Pittsburgh went to Truman, local officials estimate, while only two percent fell into the Wallace column. The practically all-Negro hill district gave Wallace 300, Dewey 3,000, and Truman the remainder of its 9,000 votes.

Even in California, the picture was the same. The West Coast *Daily Worker (People's World)* had to report that a sampling of precincts in the bay area indicated "that Negro voters piled up heavy pluralities for Harry Truman, shunned Henry Wallace, and all but ignored Thomas E. Dewey."

In Harlem the vote was 90,000 for Truman, 25,000 for Dewey and 21,000 for Wallace.

For steadfast devotion, in the face of every temptation to desert, the Negro people deserve the best the Democratic Party has to give.

GENE'S BOY GETS SMART

ATLANTA (NR correspondent)

Young Herman Talmadge, new Governor of Georgia, is a chip off the old bigot. But fashions are changing even in bigotry. For the most practical reason Talmadge may turn out to be a good Governor.

"Gene's boy," as he is affectionately known by the red-gallused faithful, has his father's unruly forelock and also his mastery of rabble rousing.

He is also ambitious, which is some comfort to thoughtful Georgians, because Talmadge, elected at 35 to fill the remaining two years of his father's term, already has his eyes on the US Senate. Georgia's senior Senator, Walter F. George, is 70, in poor health, and may lack the stamina necessary to campaign two years from now.

One thing about "Gene's boy": he is anxious to profit by his father's mistakes. Gene ran for the Senate twice, in 1936 and 1938, and was beaten both times. The most logical explanation was that Georgians, while they adore demagoguery in their State House, demand dignity in the Senate. So Herman is likely to try to be a dignified, efficient administrator while he is Governor.

But most significant of all was the fact that Herman soft-pedaled white supremacy during the last days of the campaign when victory was sure. Now those close to him expect him to make some token overture for Negro support during the next two years. Talmadge is well aware that Negroes comprise more than 40 percent of Georgia's population. Despite brutal intimidation, they are voting in rapidly increasing numbers.

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OUTSIDE AMERICA

IN PARIS on Armistice Day the UN delegates at the Palais de Chaillot kept at their work on behalf of lasting peace. Committees met. Statesmen argued. When they were through arguing, they went to excellent restaurants, had excellent food and drink.

Things were somewhat different in the neighborhood of the Arch of Triumph, also in Paris. It is customary every Armistice Day for veterans to parade through the Champs Elysées to France's shrine of national victory, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, beneath the stately monument to Napoleon's *gloire et grandeur*. This year, the thirtieth anniversary of the victorious end of the first universal war to end all wars, custom went by the board. Not all the veterans got to the Arch. There were barricades of stone and steel across the great avenue leading to it. There was fighting between police and veterans. Guns were fired. Well over 50 persons were injured, many seriously.

On the same day France's President Auriol issued a bitter statement from his offices in the Elysée Palace, not far from the fighting area. He protested against an Anglo-American decision to hand back the Ruhr to the Germans who in two wars had used it as their arsenal.

The next day almost all of the 11 million German workers of the Ruhr and Anglo-American Bizonia staged a strike. Experts said the strike would cost European recovery 90 million man-hours of work, the equivalent of $60 million.

The German workers struck against the high cost of living. And though Communists undoubtedly organized the fighting in Paris, many veterans would not have fought the police if they had started on their parade with full stomachs and hope for a humanly livable as well as a peaceful future.

The New York *Times* took M. Auriol to task for basing his attitude on a European "tradition which has lost validity" and for a stand "which no longer bears any relation to European realities."

Maybe the *Times* is right, but the little Europeans of all nations are pretty obstinate in clinging to at least one rather old tradition: they eat when they can. And for them bleak hopelessness about the future is also a "reality."

★

Francisco Franco is from Galicia, a region notorious for the shrewdness of its sons. He also has big ears, big enough to pick up echoes all the way from America.

"Spain," he said in an interview with C. L. Sulzberger of the New York *Times*, "would *be willing* to take part in . . . an alliance of the West." (The italics are ours.) The *Times* thought the interview important enough to put on the first page and to continue through eight columns of an inside page.

His much misunderstood country, Franco went on, would like a loan of $200 million. But Spain doesn't want to be included in ECA. Oh, no, nothing like that! Why not? His charmingly understated explanation is "that the other nations that participate in it [ECA] do not appear to want us, and make it appear as if we could be stealing their food."

Now come the Gallego touches. Franco continued, "The United States is a curious country. It provides the money, but lets the recipient nations state the conditions. Spain prefers to deal directly with the United States and thus avoid political confusion." (Translated into simple English, this means the $200 million without any interference with Franco's variety of "order, justice and liberty.")

And now we can note the highly sensitive ears. "In such a way," he goes on, "there would be no question of creating internal problems in other countries. The extreme left wing of the Labor Party would thereby not create trouble for the British government, nor the Socialists for the French government."

While the Franco interview was being arranged, speakers were talking about US-Spanish relations at a convention of the National Foreign Trade Council in New York. In the presence of ECA director Paul G. Hoffman, that great Democrat (with a large D) James A. Farley pontificated that the US Government was "stupid" and following "an improper course" in not resuming relations with the pet of Hitler and Mussolini.

A. W. Robertson, chairman of the board of Westinghouse International Corporation, went further toward a reconciliation with the Generalissimo from whose ports Nazi U-boats went out to sink US ships. "I am in favor," he said, "of cutting the Marshall Plan into 17 pieces and allocating *a generous portion to Spain*. . . . I think Spain would be more favorable to private enterprise *as we think of it* than our old friends in the British Isles." (Again the italics are ours.)

Of course, if the Americans are going to force ECA aid on Franco, what can he do? The Spaniards are notoriously polite.

In the interview, Franco also remarked, "In a certain way, we feel ourselves to be American."

This time the big ears don't seem to have worked. The fat-faced little Caudillo doesn't seem to have heard the election returns.

★

Italy's Right-of-Center government got a nice chunk of change from Uncle Sam last week. ECA's Italian headman, James D. Zellerbach, made a grant of $438 million. At current exchange, that's something like a quarter of a trillion lire.

Yet in the first important local election since Alcide de Gasperi's national triumph last April, the workers and fishing folk of Ancona on the Adriatic voted well Left-of-Center. The Premier's party, the Democristiani, slipped to 11,000 votes from April's 18,000, while the Communists rose to 16,000; and the government coalition barely managed to get a majority of 21 in the city's council of 40 members. The

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worst showing was made by the right-wing Socialists.

The lesson is that ordinary Italians are reverting to their ancient formula: *ubi panis, ibi patria*—where there is bread, there is the fatherland. The ECA grant was for public works over a period of many months. But many millions of US dollars for railroads, ships, factories, even for new bedsheets and crockery in tourist hotels, don't put spaghetti on the table tomorrow. And the Communists campaigned in Ancona against the government's failure to provide jobs, lower prices and raise wages.

★

The Vatican usually makes known its political views through Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre, editor of its newspaper, the *Osservatore Romano,* and through Federico Alesandrini, editor of Catholic Action's *Quotidiano.* Both these men (and other Vatican spokesmen) are now hinting broadly at a shift in policy slightly away from the open and militant hostility of the Roman Catholic Church toward the Soviet Union.

Alesandrini has expressed the opinion that "Britain and the United States are wrong to refuse new four-power talks on Berlin." Dalla Torre has appealed to President Truman and Marshal Stalin to "meet, discuss and demobilize preconceived notions and words" and to give assurance to "the great social forces that abhor war" that "a war is no longer inevitable, but that an understanding is inevitable."

Another of Dalla Torre's editorials went so far as to indicate that the Vatican might even consider restoring diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. Persons who visit the Cortile San Damaso—the Vatican's Foreign Office—say the Pope is worried about the division of the world into two camps, and doesn't want Italy to get into an anti-Soviet bloc.

There are other indications that the Holy See is growing uneasy about the temporal relations of the Church. Spain is a case in point. Apparently Generalissimo Franco is no longer quite the darling he once was. The Pope took pains to avoid mentioning him during a broadcast on the occasion of a pilgrimage to Rome of Spanish youths. The Bishops of Madrid and Toledo also soft-pedaled their references to the Caudillo.

The Roman insiders who report this shift in the Vatican's emphasis explain it as a reversion to the Holy See's traditional policies of peace, and neutrality in power politics. There may be a simpler reason. Perhaps the Church has decided that the Soviet Union is here to stay.

★

Transjordan's King Abdullah and Israel's Foreign Minister Moshe Shertok are old personal friends. Years ago they used to spend many hours together playing chess in Abdullah's palace in Amman. And in the even more complicated pattern of the Middle East's local politics, Abdullah was the only Arab leader not bitterly opposed to the aspirations of the Jews.

But in this pattern, the double-game (known unkindly in less anciently sophisticated parts of the world as the double-cross) is quite according to Hoyle. On the one hand, Abdullah played the game of the British who had put him on his throne and given him Brigadier John Glubb "Pasha" to organize his Arab Legion. On the other hand, he secretly negotiated with the Jewish Agency, promising peace with the Jews after the end of the British Mandate and after they had liquidated the forces of his old personal enemy, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem.

As a *quid pro quo,* the Jewish Agency tried to help the crafty old Arab get US recognition and US support for Transjordan's admittance to the UN. The Jews also looked with favor on Abdullah's plan to incorporate Transjordan, Lebanon, Syria and Arab Palestine into a "Greater Syria" under his control. They backed his ambitions against those of the Mufti and of King Farouk of Egypt.

Then, three days before the end of the Mandate, Golda Meyerson of the Jewish Agency, now Israeli Minister to Moscow, had a secret conference with Abdullah at which she was informed that the Arab Legion would join the other Arab states in attacking Israel. Yet even after the Legionnaires struck, the "deal" between Amman and Tel Aviv wasn't canceled. The Israelis saw Abdullah as a lesser evil than either the Mufti or Farouk, and continued to play his game.

Now, however, the Israelis have come close to winning their war; and it is their turn to move in the game of intrigue that goes by the name of diplomacy in the Middle East. Farouk is the lesser danger, Abdullah the greater. The Israelis have protested to the UN against alleged British help to Transjordan, both arms and men. And despite official denials, it seems plain that Moshe Shertok's men are secretly negotiating this time not with his old friend, but with his old friend's enemy, Farouk.

The more things change in the Middle East, the more they are Middle Eastern.

★

Tokyo's International Military Tribunal found Hideki Tojo and 24 other Japanese warlords guilty. The 10 counts against them ranged from waging illegal aggressive war against nations to permitting unspeakable bestialities against single men and women. As a lesson to all mankind, seven of the guilty were condemned to hang by the neck until dead, sixteen to spend the rest of their natural lives in prison, and two to lesser terms.

But on the eve of the announcement of the sentences, the US representative on the Far Eastern Commission opposed a proposal for international controls to prevent a revival of Japan's war industry. General Frank R. McCoy said it would mean that controls would continue after the peace treaty went into effect, hence was an issue "beyond the competence" of the commission.

The coincidence brings to mind another which US statesmen forget, or perhaps prefer not to remember. It is almost exactly seven years since Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura and Saburo Kurusu were in Washington talking about peace while Japanese ships and planes were on their way to Pearl Harbor.

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DAVID AND THE TWO GOLIATHS

The new nation in the Middle East watches both great powers and hopes to stay neutral in any East-West conflict

by J. L. Teller

ISRAEL, one of the smallest states in the world, owes a debt of gratitude to both of the largest states—the United States and the Soviet Union. The creation of Israel as a sovereign political entity was facilitated—in part at least—by one of the rarities of current history: an apparent meeting of minds of President Truman and Marshal Stalin. Had it not been for both US and USSR recognition, even the success of Israeli arms might not have been enough to assure statehood.

The men who govern Israel are acutely aware of how much they have benefited from an arrangement of temporary political convenience. But they are also painfully aware of its implications, and they are self-conscious in their relations with both of the great master nations, fearful of arousing the enmity or jealousy of either.

Although Israel is small, she has the misfortune (and potential fortune) of being located in a geographical area of supreme strategic importance to America and Russia. For the Soviets, the Middle East is a vital backyard; for the US, it is one of the keys to national defense and a source of oil—the fuel of modern mechanized power. And it is precisely this fact that determines the political attitudes toward Israel of both East and West.

The need to maintain an attitude of neutrality between America and Russia expresses itself in odd ways in Israel. Two anecdotes will illustrate the plight of Israel in the East-West tug of force.

Several months ago when Pavel Ivanovitch Yershov, Soviet Minister to Israel, was given a roaring welcome by the population on his arrival in Tel Aviv, liaison men of the Israeli Foreign Office went about feverishly explaining to members of the American diplomatic corps that the reception, an expression of Jewish gratitude for Soviet Russia's support in the UN, must not be misinterpreted as an indication of deep pro-Communist feeling in the new state.

Several days later the shoe was on the other foot, and they were busy placating the Russians. At a gala concert of the Israeli Symphony Orchestra, the conductor bowed toward the box occupied by gaunt and gray James G. McDonald, special US envoy to Israel, and led the orchestra in playing the American national anthem. Just as the diplomats in the Soviet box rose in anticipation of their anthem, the orchestra launched into its scheduled program and the Russians trooped out in hot anger. It took old and distracted Dr. Simon, Chief of Protocol of the Israeli Foreign Office, many days before he succeeded in convincing the Soviets that he had merely acted in accordance with French protocol, which requires the playing of a foreign national anthem only in honor of diplomats of ministerial rank. The Soviet diplomats in this case were all attachés, since Yershov had absented himself.

The one-time British and American opponents of the Jewish national home have now reformulated their former program to fit new realities. They are advocating territorial changes, such as severance of the Negev from the new state and the establishment of a free port in Haifa, in the hope of reducing Israel to a mere national home. Their primary argument, in most cases presented with profound conviction, is that Zionism and its offspring Israel are a disruptive element in the Middle East.

However, the opposition to Israel comprises groups that vary in the extent and even in the final aim of their anti-Zionism. There is, for example, the brass-hat contingent led by Field Marshal Montgomery. This one long ago despaired of the efforts by the Arab experts of the Colonial Office and the Foreign Office to unify the so-called "Arab East," by means of a league or federation, into a single bloc for political and military purposes. The brass hats prefer outright coercion, and their position is brutally candid. They believe progressive areas are not always the most suitable for military operations.

Whatever fallacies the brass-hat approach contains are entirely in the moral and ideological, not in the factual, sphere. The blunt military argu-

This is the first of six articles on Israel by J. L. Teller, an American editor and writer whose articles on Middle Eastern problems have been published by leading magazines during the last decade. The second article will analyze the domestic political situation in Israel, explaining the issues in next month's general election.

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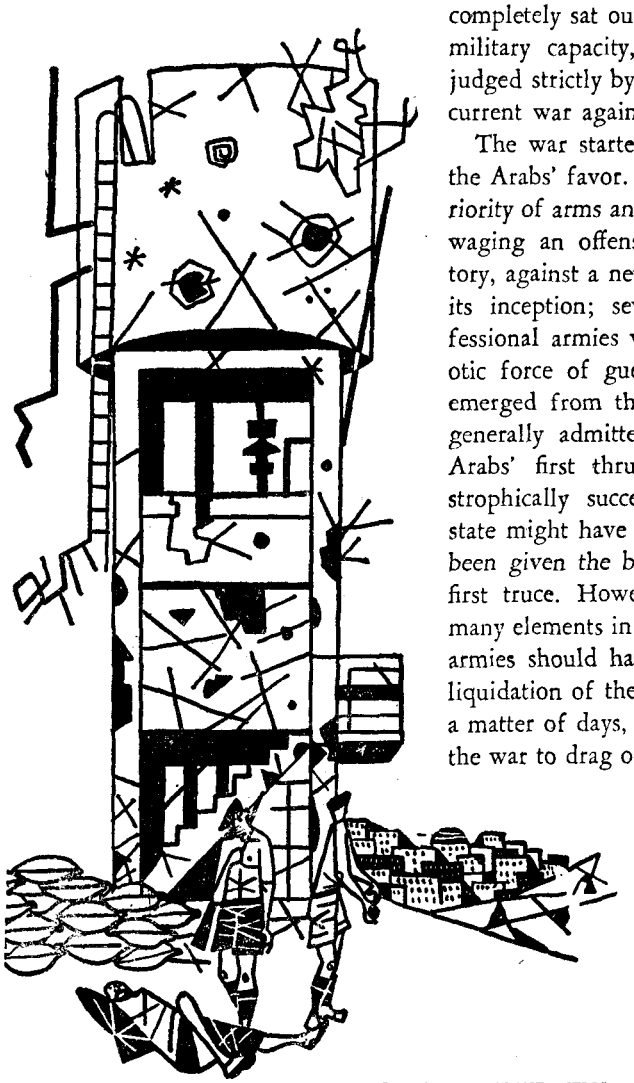
ment can easily be supported, if you overlook its immoral premise, by comparing the acquiescence of retarded Yemen and the restiveness of relatively progressive Egypt; primitive Uganda in East Africa and Lebanon with her considerable middle class. Needless to say, the brass-hat argument for outright coercion is supported by the oil cartelists and foreign-capital investors whose fear of a progressive state has a dual motivation—it might deprive them of a cheap labor market and encourage competition by local investors and producers.

The formulators of foreign policy in Washington and London have a more complex set of arguments. They contend that by supporting the November 29 resolution under White House pressure, and subsequently extending de-facto recognition to Israel, the United States has caused the West to lose the invaluable military support of the Arab states in a conceivable war with the Soviet bloc. Thanks to American bungling—so this argument goes—Soviet agents can now operate on two levels: among the Arabs, who are resentful over the West's support of Israel, and in Israel, which has long been "pro-Communist," as her collective settlements "abundantly" illustrate.



DRAWINGS BY JEROME SNYDER

The claim that, in the Arabs, the West has lost a valuable military ally should be examined, first, in the light of the Arabs' past and present war record. For fighting on the side of the Allies in World War I, the Arabs were pledged—in advance—national independence. Yet even so dedicated a friend of the Arabs as the late Colonel T. E. Lawrence had to concede that their Revolt in the Desert was a bark rather than a bite. World War II was completely sat out by the Arabs. Their military capacity, therefore, must be judged strictly by their showing in the current war against Israel.

The war started with everything in the Arabs' favor. They possessed superiority of arms and numbers; they were waging an offensive on enemy territory, against a new state on the day of its inception; several ostensibly professional armies were engaging a chaotic force of guerrillas that had just emerged from the underground. It is generally admitted in Israel that the Arabs' first thrust was almost catastrophically successful, and the new state might have expired if it had not been given the breathing spell of the first truce. However, considering the many elements in their favor, the Arab armies should have achieved the total liquidation of the Israeli forces within a matter of days, instead of permitting the war to drag on until the truce.

The brief respite was used by Israel to unify her forces and shape them into a regular army. Within a few weeks this basic task had been accomplished, and when fighting resumed, this still amateurish army—by American and British standards—seized the initiative against the combined Arab forces. Israeli military leaders, who advised the government to delay acceptance of the second truce, claim that if they had had ten more days, they would have cleared the foe out of all Palestine, thus terminating the war.

The Arab-Israeli war has shown that the Arabs' infantry divisions must be omitted from any serious consideration of their war potential. Although in private life quick to pull a knife at the slightest offense, and a good wayside brigand where loot is involved, the Arab is easily routed in infantry battle. For some inexplicable reason, he is extremely ineffectual in night fighting, and the Israelis accordingly timed most of their offensives for after midnight. The Arab does possess, however, mechanical aptitude, and may eventually develop into an effective air and tank man. He is ridden by superstition and is easily swayed by mass hysteria, which gives a military advantage to enemies familiar with his nature. His inexorable distrust of the motives of leaders and governments contributes to low morale.

Because of the wretched economic—and therefore hygienic and health—conditions in Arab lands, the Arabs' reservoir of available fighting manpower is extremely low despite the many millions of men of military age. The Arab states dare not, for reasons of internal security, accelerate enlistments or distribute arms too widely.

By Western standards, the Israeli army probably leaves much to be desired both tactically and administratively, but in morale it is probably superior to all other armies. Its extremely democratic framework allows for the full play of the resourcefulness and the ingenuity of the individual soldier. Every man and woman in its ranks has for years been well oriented in the cause for which they now fight; front and home are so contiguous that the front-line soldier is at all times painfully aware that he is fighting for, and alongside, his immediate family.

Then, too, an almost mystic compulsion drives the Jewish soldier—it is

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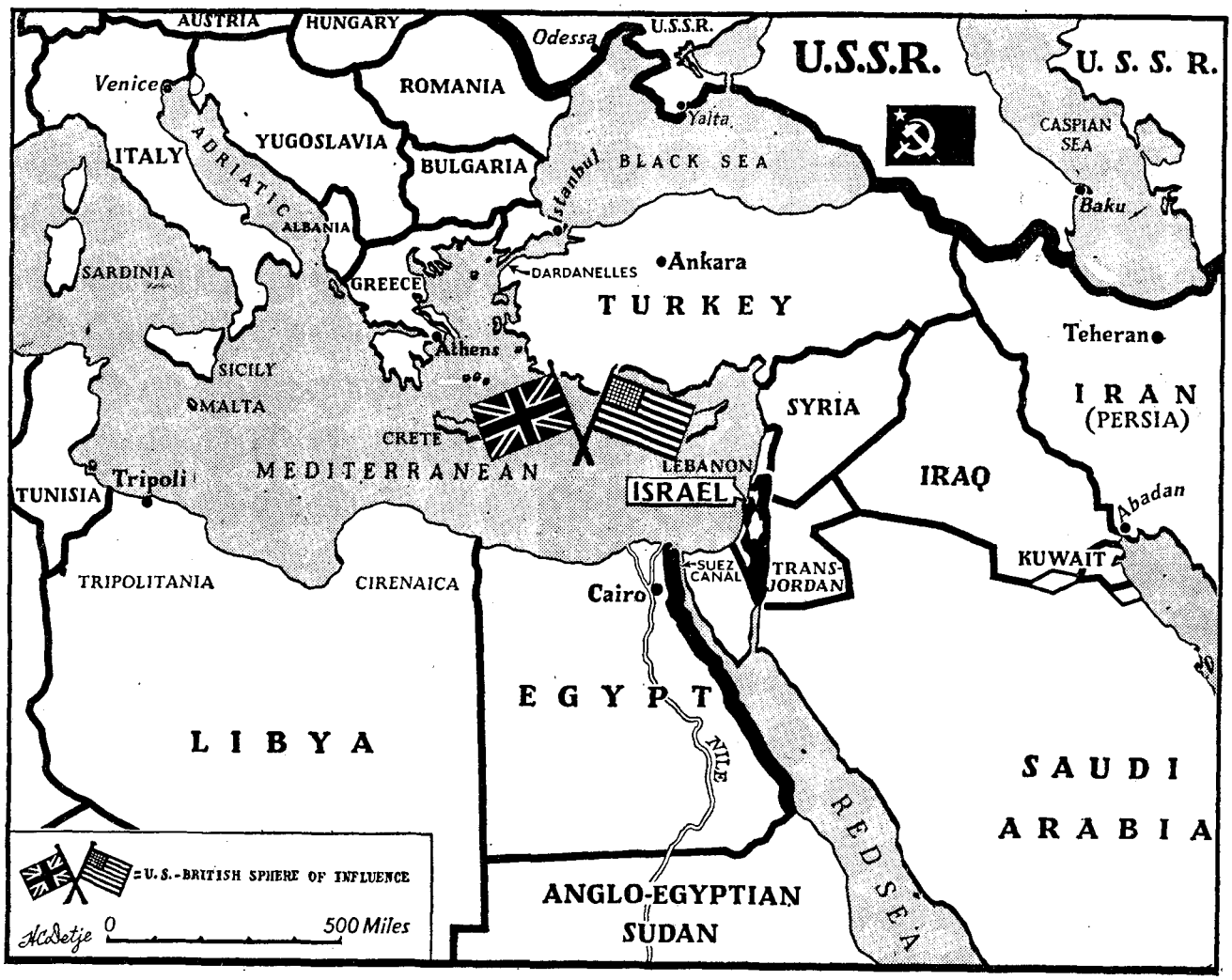

NEW REPUBLIC MAP BY DETJE

his greatest asset—he is out to prove himself after 2,000 years. Most Israeli soldiers have had previous experience in European armies, and this has been supplemented by a capacity for guerrilla warfare, the Arabs' only true military asset, which the Jew has acquired in the European and Palestinian underground.

It must be remembered that the Arab states mobilized as best they could for the crusade against Israel. All the Arab kings gave their unqualified verbal support, and the Moslem theologians in Cairo proclaimed the war as a *jihad*, in an area where religious fanaticism still spellbinds the masses.

The failure of the Arab armies in the field and the flagging enthusiasm among the Arab masses for the war effort in Palestine are responsibilities that must be laid at the doorstep of the Arab governments. It is noteworthy that, with the single exception of pastoral Transjordan, the Arab governments involved were confronted with internal political unrest because of economic depression at the time they launched their campaign against Israel, and were hoping to divert popular resentment. (The only Arab country that has shown steady progress—although under an authoritarian, patriarchal system—and has no problems of internal security, is Saudi Arabia. Ibn Saud's contribution to the war against Israel, therefore, was only nominal.) Yet when Washington and London speak of the friendship of the Arab world they really mean the amity of these unpopular governments.

The Egyptian government has tried, and failed, to enlist the support of local capital for the pursuance of the war. It failed because whatever native capital there exists in the area—and we mean investment capital, not income from feudal holdings—has been accumulated despite the government. The cabinet, however frequently reshuffled, is inevitably constituted of pashas who in private life serve as proxy directors and Egyptian fronts for foreign firms whose concern it is to restrict the investment sphere of native capital.

The xenophobia prevailing in Egypt and frequently flaring up in riots which the police deliberately direct into the Jewish quarter, has its grass roots in the emerging middle classes and incipient capitalists. This slowly rising middle class, along with the native mercantile and industrial capitalism, must have academic freedom and freedom of speech and press if it is to exercise any influence on the government. Such freedom would undermine the present feudal government, which profits by illiteracy and ignorance. Civil liberties hitherto un-

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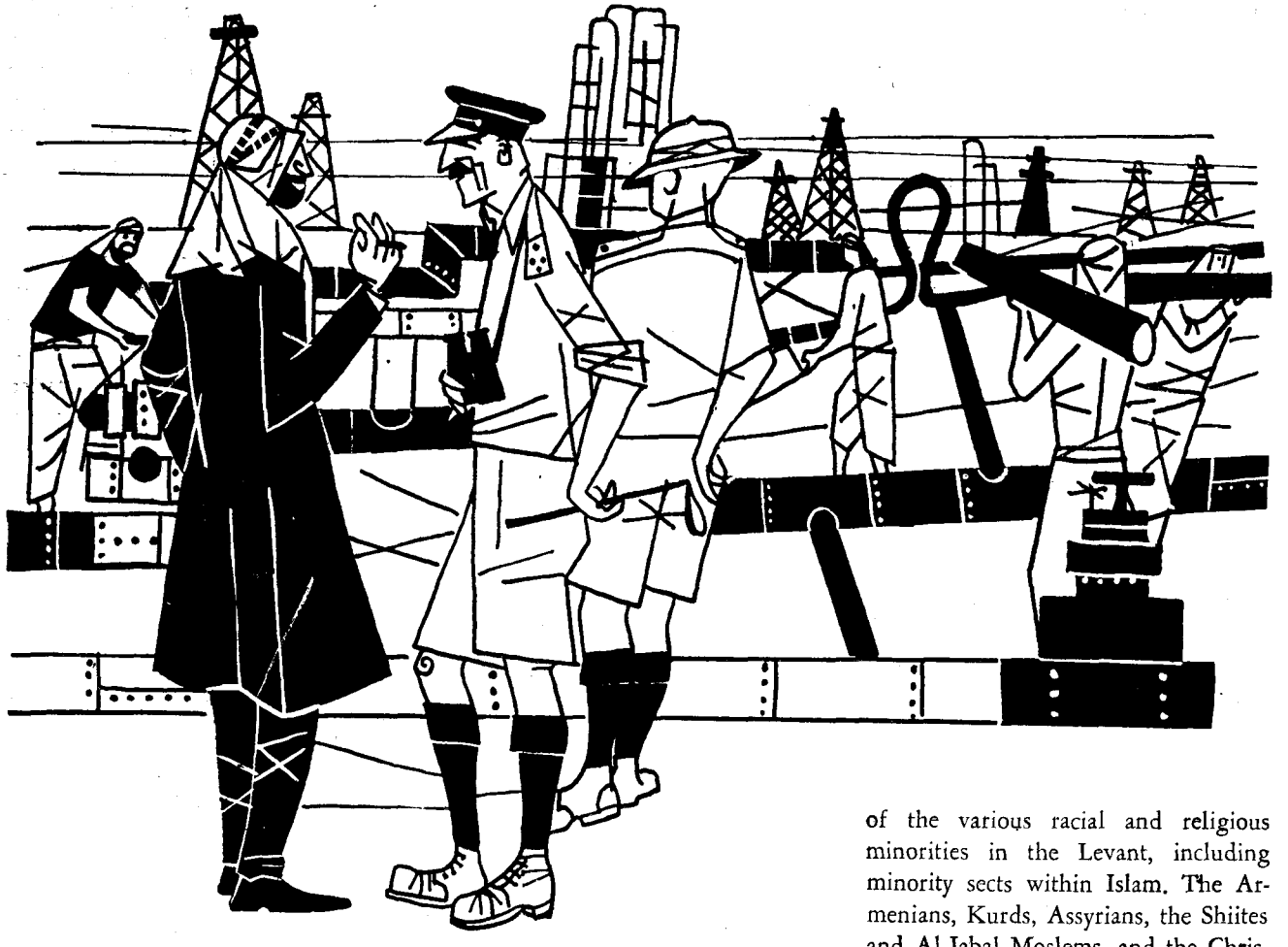

known in this area of the world are formally granted, but no sooner granted, are ruthlessly destroyed under the pretext of intermittent anti-Communist crusades. This has been the case in Egypt, in Syria, in Lebanon and in Iraq. The most frequent victims of these anti-Communist crusades in Egypt have been the leaders of the Wafd Party, which obtained Egypt's independence some decades ago.

The British Middle East Office in Cairo is alleged to have encouraged and even inspired these crusades. The British colonial expert has become a victim of his own practices in dealing with "natives." He knows how to treat the several score feudal families that control the Arab governments. He is wary of the new forces emerging in the Arab world, since they would require new effort and a new approach by him. He would rather stifle these forces with the help of the feudalists than face them across the table. Perhaps his very choice of a career away from home should have forewarned Britain that her colonial official is an escapist, incapable of facing realities, especially the new realities of the Middle East today.

The archdeacon of the Middle East Office has been Brigadier I. N. Clayton. He was present at the closed session of the Arab League Council in Bloudan in 1936 at which the notorious decisions against communism and Zionism were announced. He is reported to have authored them.

Soon thereafter, in conformity with these decisions, Syrian newspapers were suspended, and throughout the Middle East intellectuals and trade unionists were thrown into dungeons. The middle class was thus deprived of its most eloquent spokesmen and organizers.

An auxiliary feature of this crusade was the renewed vigorous suppression of the various racial and religious minorities in the Levant, including minority sects within Islam. The Armenians, Kurds, Assyrians, the Shiites and Al-Jabal Moslems, and the Christians were soon targets of repressive measures and penal expeditions.

The British have never been disturbed by such suppression practised by politicians "acceptable" to London in an effort further to entrench themselves in the government. The elimination of native capital ensures British investment a cheap labor market and a dumping ground for British goods. The coming to power of the Labor Government has in no way affected the policies of the British Middle East Office.

The Christians in the Middle East have come to look upon France as their protector and upon Britain as their betrayer. The Shiites, a Moslem sect constituting a majority in Iraq, view Britain as their enemy because of British support for the ruling clique which represents the Sunnites, a minority. The fact that the Kurds and Armenians are proving fertile soil for Soviet propagandists is the result of British

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conduct. For more than a quarter of a century Britain has armed and financed governments that have consistently and ruthlessly suppressed these two minorities.

The usual arguments about democracy v. dictatorship are unintelligible poppycock to peoples who continue to suffer under the yoke of a malevolent authoritarian rule. The Palestinian war has only aggravated the situation. With the Arab armies preoccupied in the Palestine theatre, these groups have become restive and are itching for action. They are said to have put out feelers to Israeli authorities for assistance in opening "internal fronts" in the Arab countries now waging the war on Israel.

The Israeli government, aware of the ramifications of a sudden general flare-up in the Middle East, is said to have withstood the temptation and turned down these suggestions. But it is eager to maintain alliances with all these groups for purposes of peace. The new state could become their focal point.

Israel has acquired stature in the Middle East. The peoples of that area believe only what they see, and they have seen Israel's magnificent resistance. Trade-union leaders in Egypt have observed, at a distance, the development and institutions of Jewish trade unionism in Palestine. Privately they concede that if their governments permitted such contacts, they would eagerly establish relations with Histadrut and follow its pattern. Arab industrialists would like to invest in Israel.

Even before the war, Egyptians and Syrians approached Jews with requests to be accepted as silent partners. In an atmosphere of mutual good will and trust, such investments could be made openly, and they would greatly aid the development of the region. This could become an indigenous "economic union."

As long as British policy is based on an alliance with the present feudal governments, and as long as American Middle East policy follows essentially the British pattern, there is no hope for such development. But if Washington were to adopt a bold and imaginative policy today, it would require the application of the State and Commerce Departments' innumerable instruments of persuasion to force the ineffectual cliques now ruling the Arab countries to make room for the emerging native middle classes, capitalists and industrialists.

Such a policy would grant a respectable measure of autonomy to the Kurds, so that this vigorous people would not have to look to Soviet Kurdistan as its true home.

The emergence of local industries and mercantile establishments would not necessarily exclude foreign capital from the area; it would only establish a new and healthier relationship; foreign capital would no longer be a parasitic monopolist deterring regional development long overdue.

The Middle East requires stable government as the only guarantee for peace. The only means of stabilizing the government is to relieve tensions. Tensions can only be relieved by curing the cause.

There are already signs showing the form which a new Middle East constellation would take. It might begin with a federation made up of Israel, Lebanon, purged of her Moslem tyranny, and Turkey. It is not generally known, but back in the 1930's Turkey's Ataturk, in a conversation with Dr. Chaim Weizmann, depicted the brilliant prospects for the Middle East that would accrue from an alliance between Turkey and a Jewish state. The Turkish press has been reporting extensively and accurately the Arab-Israeli war. Long before the first truce, Turkey took great pains to deny reports that she was aiding the Arab war effort. Ankhara's Foreign Office and War Office have long been studying with increasing suspicion King Farouk's imperialist designs in the direction of the Sudan and Ethiopia, and, what is more disturbing to Turkey, most recently in the direction of the Red Sea.

There was considerable opposition in Turkey to accepting Marshall Plan aid. Turkey now is veering toward a friendlier relationship with Russia. She too stands between the two Goliaths, and a shrewd Ankharan observer who holds a high position in the government stressed this analogy between Turkey and Israel in a conversation with me recently.

No hopes should be entertained that any bloc in which Israel participates would, unless attacked, become the military ally of the West in a war against the Soviets, or, for that matter, an ally of the Soviets in a war against the West. The contribution of such a bloc would be greater than war. Engaged in the stupendous task of reclaiming the Middle East for civilization, this bloc would stay neutral, thus removing at least one strategic region from the list of "danger areas" haunting the world like a nightmare.

Unfortunately, our Arab experts are still being tutored by the British, whose latest fatuous innovation appears to be the establishment of an Arab government in Gaza. The fact that this government was established over the opposition of Abdullah has aroused suspicion that the British Middle East Office is contemplating jettisoning Abdullah in favor of Egypt. Abdullah was valuable to the British only so long as he exercised an influence in Iraq by means of his ties to the Hashemite dynasty.

It seems, however, that the Hashemite dynasty is losing out in Iraq, and Britain is inclined to make friends with its opposition in that country. By backing Egyptian ambitions in the Red Sea area, Britain hopes to reduce Farouk's ambitions in the Sudan. However, whether the British Middle East Office backs Abdullah or Farouk matters little in the larger scheme. Tomorrow lies with neither of these men.

The most effective way to forfeit the Middle East to the Soviet bloc is to continue the game of lawn-tennis diplomacy, appeasing fictitious leaders and alienating the people—the Israelis, the Maronites, the Kurds, the Druze and the middle classes and intelligentsia of the dominant racial and religious groups—in the region.

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THE MAN WHO ELECTED TRUMAN

Meet Bill Belanger of the CIO, one of the thousands of labor organizers who had faith in men, not in polls

by Claire Neikind

IN THE SELECT salons of our ex-president-makers, the name, history and aspirations of J. William Belanger are probably unknown. While this is of small concern to Belanger, it has proved a serious oversight for the select salons. Had they known and understood him, they might not have been so embarrassed on November 2.

Even now they would be well-advised to keep an eye on him. If his present and past help to explain what happened in our country on Election Day, his future should indicate what is to come.

Bill Belanger is a New England CIO organizer. Over the strained months of this summer and fall, he was one of the unsuspected army that listened absent-mindedly to the prophets of defeat—and continued to organize. The prophets knew statistics, but he knew men.

He worked on a principle that the prophets had long since abandoned—that the bulk of the American people were on the Left. He set out, therefore, not to convince the people of what he thought they should want, but to show them they could get what they wanted. Sure, stubborn, tireless, going on instinct wherever his knowledge failed, he provided leadership that pulled New England away from Gallup and the Republican Party.

It was his work, and similar work done by CIO-PAC men like him all over the US, that translated sentiment into votes to upset one of the biggest applecarts in history. On the strength of it, President Truman told his intimates that "labor did it." His conviction is shared, if not so outspokenly, by the enemies of labor who have been punished, the friends who have been rewarded, and the local, state and national politicians who have had the shock of their lives.

When the CIO meets in national convention on November 22, it will recognize this conviction by charting the most comprehensive political course in its history. It will weigh questions of Right-Left unity and AFL-CIO unity, map its legislative ambitions and examine its relations with the liberal coalition and the Democratic Party, all with the purpose of deepening its proved political power and realizing New Deal II.

The amateur and professional analysts should listen to Belanger's story.

It took 41 years to make the Bill Belanger who is now the secretary of the Massachusetts CIO and one of the most respected men in New England. Of those years, 27 were spent in the labor movement, and of these, 13 under Roosevelt.

His parents were French-Americans who worked in New Hampshire textile mills. Bill went to a parochial school until he was 14. Then, "as that was all one could expect," he closed his books and went into the mills too.

There were no unions to speak of in the industry that was then swallowing so many of his age and kind. A few craft unions, organized on the narrowest lines, only enraged him by their habit of "pushing the rest of us around."

"Since I was a minority of one in resenting this," he says, "I didn't stay in any one mill very long." Balky and quick-tempered, he got on management's "pepper and vinegar list" while very young, and wandered from job to job, from textile mills to machine shops to foundries and even haberdasheries. When he began to question the hardship he saw around him he went to night school to get the answers.

He got into the habit of listening to speeches on street corners, and the first bricks of his personal creed began to fall into place. He nibbled at Marxism, but did not accept it. Never joining the Socialist or any other party, he grew to believe that trade unionism came first and that once a good labor movement was built, the education that flowed from it would be the basis of a better world.

He was struck by the great gap between socialist theories and workers' practices. "I saw one thing that hit me more than hours of Socialist lectures. I went to Milwaukee when I was 19, and discovered that the city had built golf courses for the people! I always thought golf was a millionaire's game. How could it happen that people should have it free? That was my first inkling that workers could do something with a ballot."

He was fired by the knowledge. He began to dream of a world that workers could build, not just based on a 10-cent raise, but on a happy life, filled with beauty, art, books.

He came back East with ideas. He organized the first mill he could land a job in,

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was promptly discharged and went on the payroll of the AFL Textile Workers at $25 a week. He was in that job when Roosevelt came into the White House.

He recalls the difference between the workers then and now. "We were lost and as good as disfranchised in those early depression days . . . so many of us thought of ourselves as second-class citizens. . . ."

The New Deal and the Wagner Act changed that, and so did the swiftly developing industrial-union movement. As soon as the CIO was set up in 1935, Bill went over to it with his textile workers.

He believed his first job was to organize the unorganized. When that was done on a big enough scale, the groundwork for political action could be laid, he thought.

Like so many of his fellow organizers, Bill spent the next years in doing just that. The trade unionism he learned and taught was built on both strike action and government protection—a mixed blessing, according to Bill.

In the national textile strike of '34, during which he was jailed, the workers took a beating, but learned more about unionism than any Wagner Act could teach them. And if they developed a tendency to become soft and reliant under the Roosevelt Administrations, the workers also got the taste of a new freedom.

"Some people might think they would forget how to fight if their government fought their battles for them," Bill says. "It's not true. Give the workers a taste of something better—a little more freedom, a little more food, a little less worry about rotting houses and bad health—and not only will they never accept anything less, but they'll always be wanting a little more."

The crisis came when Roosevelt died. "We didn't have the Great White Father in the White House any more. We were on our own."

It wasn't an easy period. It took a long time for the workers to realize that Truman was no FDR and that the New Deal they had known and grown under had turned sour. "We got the 80th Congress; we took an awful beating; all the liberals told us progress was dead in America. They seemed to be right, but I knew they couldn't be."

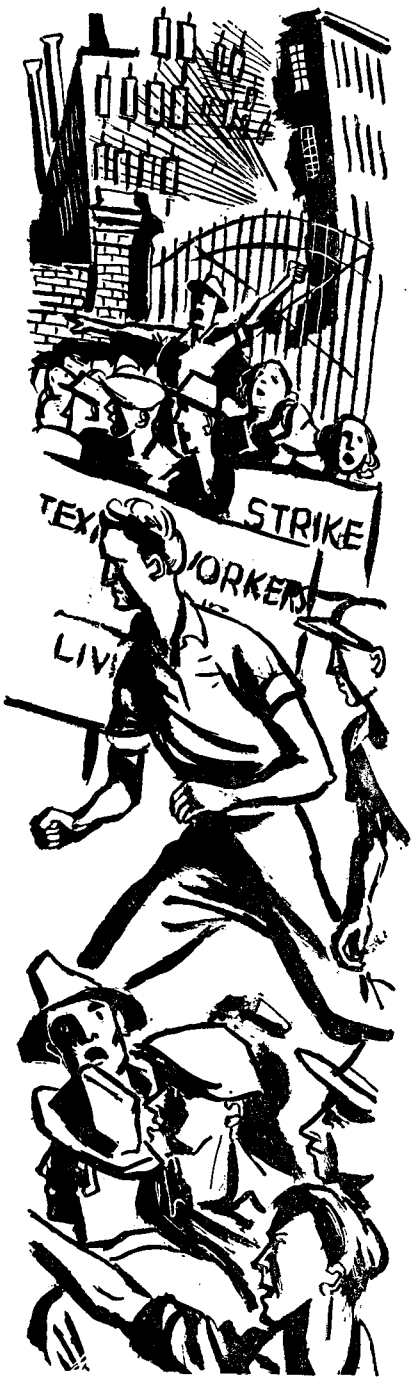
In the 1948 presidential campaign, Bill prepared to prove his case. Until this year, PAC, the CIO's political arm, had been little more than a persistent tug at the sleeve of the labor movement, the perennial Last Point on the Agenda. The political climate of the country threatened to leave it there. Labor leaders like Belanger ignored the climate and went to work.

By now the New England regional director of the Textile Workers and secretary of the Massachusetts CIO, he couldn't have been plunged into a more hopeless-looking fight. All but one of his states—Rhode Island—had been handed to the Republicans by Gallup, with margins of from 5 to 15 percent. The Democrats themselves seemed to have thrown in the towel.

In Connecticut, Chester Bowles, the symbol of price control and New Dealism, would either ride into the State House on improbable numbers of workers' votes or, in drowning, prove reaction's case. In Maine, a set of anti-labor bills threatened to paralyze the state labor movement.

Massachusetts was the worst of all. Regarding it as a pushover for Dewey, its more opulent citizens were in a mood of spiritual vigilantism, sponsoring three anti-labor referenda which they swore would be the model for national Republican legislation to come. To double the handicap, the state secretary of the AFL, Ernest Johnson, who represented more than half of Massachusett's 500,000 organized workers, was a registered member of the Republican Party. And Johnson had never collaborated with the CIO.

Bill lowered his head and waded in. He believed the workers would sink the experts because, given a chance to understand the referenda, they would get howling mad, as he was; they would vote against the party that sponsored the Taft-Hartley Act;



they were angry about prices and housing; they were uneasy at seeing their social security whittled away; they associated Dewey with Wall Street and they didn't like Wall Street.

Bill's years in the labor movement had given him a compound of conviction, caution, patience and the ability to compromise. He had learned to control his temper and outguess instead of outshout his opponents. He had developed poise, a simple eloquence and a shrewd ability to maneuver. He had

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read every newspaper, magazine and political-science book he could lay his hands on (he still reads 14 papers a day). He determined to build a political machine without patronage, and he found out how.

He began by trying to get the AFL to work with him. Largely because of the anti-labor referenda and Taft-Hartley, he succeeded. Ernest Johnson withdrew from the Republican Party and agreed to share the costs of the campaign. They set up a United Labor Committee whose chairman, to avoid embarrassing partisanship, was recruited from the ADA.

The CIO, the AFL, the ADA and the AVC sat down together to map their campaign. They procured voting lists, weeded out unregistered voters and sent out 400,000 postcards to register them. They ran slick daily radio programs, plastered buses and subways with ads, and broke registration records in every important city in the state.

They stimulated the Democratic campaign by taking it away from the hacks and following New Deal concepts. In all the industrial centers—Boston, Springfield, Worcester, Fall River—they set up ward-by-ward organizations and rang doorbells for those concepts.

On Election Day, in the 1,874 voting precincts that make up Massachusetts, 10,000 United Labor Committee volunteers blanketed the polls, and they knew that labor had won.

They won in a measure that surprised even the confident Bill Belanger. They polled more votes for the Democratic Party in the state than FDR had ever done. They took every important state and national office, threw out the worst anti-labor legislators, except Saltonstall. "And if we'd known our own strength," adds Bill, "we'd have run a good man against him and got him, too."

From the standard press point of view, Bill measures the victory in unorthodox terms. The most impressive thing to him is not the men the workers put into and threw out of office, but the maturity with which they did it.

He points out that when President Truman passed through Boston on the last lap of his campaign, there was a difference in the attitude of his predominantly labor audience. "When they applauded Roosevelt," he says, "they were saying, 'What can you do for us, FDR?' When they applauded Truman, they were saying, 'What can *we* do for *you*, Harry?' "

He concludes from this that the workers, for the first time since he entered the labor movement, are recognizing their own political power. They are no longer the cap-in-hand beggars at the White House door. They can make Presidents and programs. From this point, he says, they must prove they can realize these programs.

DRAWINGS BY KURT WERTH

He finds it difficult to offer a blueprint for this yet. "Until so recently, we have been seeing ourselves in the future as an Underground Good Works Society. It takes some readjusting to swing all the way over the other way. There is a danger that some of us will try to swing too far."

Some day, he says, America will be governed by a workingmen's party. But not yet. He does not believe it will be possible to form a third liberal-labor party unless and until three things happen: organic unity among the AFL, CIO and Railway Brotherhoods; the organization of the South; a depression.

On the question of labor unity, he points out that what labor did in Massachusetts would have been utterly impossible without it, and the deeper the political exigencies, the more unity will be necessary.

On the question of the South, he believes that until the poll tax goes and the Southern workers are solidly organized, Negro and white, no lasting progressive political party can take root. Without the South, he adds, any political party would be regional and abortive.

As for the depression, he says: "I don't like to see it come. And it's too bad that something so good must wait for something so bad. But we are living now on what we have accumulated under 15 years of Roosevelt. They took part of it away from us and we put it back. But it's only when depression hits that we'll get the Big Bounce. Any party but our own might let that happen. But the workers will never tolerate it, and that's when they'll build a party of their own."

Until such time, he thinks labor should work for a realignment within the old parties—let the Southern Democrats go over to the Republicans, let reactionaries live with reactionaries and progressives with progressives. To do this, he thinks the CIO-PAC should continue as an independent pressure group working within the Democratic Party. He underlines the necessity for working together with the AFL and liberal groups like the ADA. "The

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liberals want pretty much the same kind of New Deal II as we do," he says. "We need their help and they need ours."

He believes, indeed, that such cooperation is not merely desirable but indispensable. Unless it continues, he sees no reason why the Democratic Party should not forget what made it happen, as surely many of their leaders would like to do.

But he does not want an organic merger with the Democratic Party, a melting of personnel which might turn into "a cheap employment office." Labor's independence must be rigidly preserved, he declares. A few government posts may be offered it, and, in some carefully selected cases, may be accepted. But anything further than that would, he believes, crumple the backbone which has brought labor this far already.

"Certainly, from now on, we here in New England will have our say in party primaries. We'll help to pick the men but we won't provide them largely from our ranks. If we did, it might seem like strength, but it would be a fatal weakness. The Democratic Party, after all, is not our party."

It is not a certainty that the election results will produce automatically a genuine second New Deal, he concludes, but it will be if labor works along these lines.

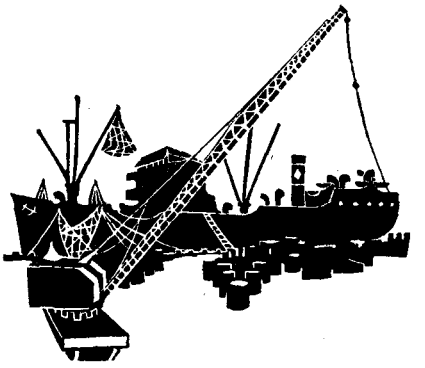
To achieve that, he will go to great lengths. "I don't know how far my national officers will go," he says. "As for me, to keep the unity we've built here, I'm quite willing to bury the organizational hatchet with the AFL and forget about raiding and jurisdictional disputes. And perhaps I could even accept the idea of the dissident extreme Left coming back into our fold if they want to come—though even if they should, I don't know how long they'd care to stay, or whether they would work with us in earnest.

"But there has never been a time when it was more important for American workers to see first things first. We've made history in America this fall, and I'd give a lot to see us go on making it."

ADDING GUNS TO ECA BUTTER

The case for lend-lease and military guarantees to Western Europe as necessary supplements to the Marshall Plan

by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.



THE AMERICAN POLICY of supporting the free peoples of Europe is inevitably moving into a military dimension. It is doing this for two main reasons—both of which, it should be pointed out, are reasons urged by the Europeans themselves and not by a war-minded American clique trying to rearm the Europeans against their will.

The first reason is the impact of the Czechoslovak coup and the Berlin deadlock. War has become a possibility against which every responsible government in Europe must take due precautions. A nation which believes in freedom, though it may lack the present or even the potential capabilities of resistance, has no moral alternative but to go through the motions of preparing its defenses against an aggressive totalitarianism. Free Europe retains this gallant if quixotic belief in resistance as a moral gesture. There is widespread contempt, for example, for the Czechs, who yielded to totalitarianism without a fight. "If Benes had had one-half the guts of Ben Gurion," one European Socialist observed to me, "Czechoslovakia might be a free country today." It is hardly for the US, secure behind 3,000 miles of ocean, to tell the Europeans that it is inappropriate for them to have guts.

This is the second of two articles by Dr. Schlesinger, of the Harvard University Department of History. Although he recently spent some months as consultant on the staff of the ECA in Paris, the views here expressed are of course his own.

The recent British decision to suspend demobilization and to increase fighter and jet production points up the problem. The British government, which has been lashing itself and the British people in support of a program of remarkable and persistent economic self-denial, did not take much pleasure in its decision to rearm. The British would rather keep their manpower in the factories than in the barracks; they would rather use their steel for production than for defense. But the international crisis provided, in the judgment of the cabinet, no alternative to rearmament.

We are thus confronted with a situation in which the European governments are bound willy-nilly to build up their defenses. Rearmament in countries like Norway and Belgium may have no practical import in case of Russian aggression; but the United States cannot order these countries to cease and desist without jeopardizing the whole will-to-resist. Yet, as rearmament begins to compete with recovery for materials and manpower, the ERP itself will be in jeopardy. The only solution is for the United States to assume part, at least, of the burden of rearmament; and this can be done best by resuming lend-lease.

The second main reason forcing us into a policy of military aid is that the American objective of a European federation cannot be achieved without an American decision to underwrite such a federation strategically. Such underwriting means not only the resumption of lend-lease; it means, in addition, full and automatic military guarantees by the United States. A European federation can make military sense only if it is backed, in principle and in fact, by American military might; and

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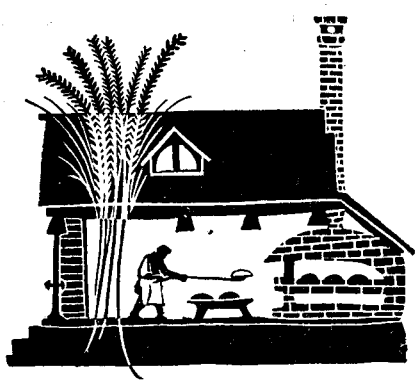
unless it makes military sense, it will have small appeal for European governments charged with the problem of protecting their peoples in an epoch of insecurity. Above all, it will have no appeal for Britain.

The question of Britain is almost crucial in the discussion of a European federation. Such a federation without Britain would hardly be worth the trouble of forming. But, if the federation is to include Britain, it must meet certain British conditions. Some of these conditions strike most Americans and Europeans as unreal—the fact which gave rise last summer to the outcry, unjustified on other grounds, about the British "dragging their feet." But the basic British condition is one which cannot be gainsaid. As a British Socialist put it to me, "If Western Union means that the United Kingdom must throw the metropolitan air force into the fight for France, Britain would be against it—and the United States would be making a grave mistake from the viewpoint of its own security to force Britain into such a union."

In other words, had Britain been committed to a Western Union in 1940, it might have had to throw its army and air force into hopeless battles against the German army in France. Western Union in 1940 would thus have stripped Britain of her defenses and lost Europe the war. The British look with entirely admirable skepticism on anything which might force them now to make the decision they rightly refused to make eight years ago.

Americans have tended altogether too much to regard the invocation of some vague and undefined conception of European union as a political and economic cure-all. Believing, as we do, that a Western Union will confer inestimable political and economic advantages upon Europe, we must recognize that the European nations, and Britain especially, need some reassurance in time of crisis about its military advantages. Only the US can provide that reassurance.



The Truman Administration has already done important preparatory work on a regional-defense pact which would include Canada as well as the Western European Union. This would be a defensive regional arrangement of the type envisaged in Articles 51 and 52 of the United Nations Charter. It would not, in other words, be the offensive-defensive alliance of old-fashioned diplomacy. But it would succeed, particularly if accompanied by the resumption of lend-lease and by joint staff conversations, in relieving Europeans of their still profound fear of American isolationism. In case of an attack on Western Union, the USA would not waste months in an isolationist-interventionist dither before deciding that American interests required resisting the spread of totalitarianism in Europe. The 1948 election has already done much to destroy European anxiety over an anticipated revival of Republican isolationism—an isolationism inadequately disguised, from the European viewpoint, by Governor Dewey's talk of prodding the European countries into a federation which would then apparently be left to shift for itself.

The military program is thus a necessary supplement to the economic program—both to prevent European rearmament from taking too big a bite out of recovery, and to create the conditions of strategic security necessary for progress toward political federation. ECA and the new lend-lease agency will probably remain administratively and technically distinct. The Democratic sweep of Congress will happily spare the country the depressing sight of attempts to merge the two programs or to substitute military for economic aid.

The addition of $2 or $3 billion of military lend-lease to our aid program will have obvious domestic repercussions. We shall need more power of government allocation over materials in short supply; and, unless the new expenditures are accompanied by some serious decline in the rate of real investment in the capital-goods industries, it may well mean a new government anti-inflation program.

What of ECA's future? Have the first few months disclosed danger points which must be watched with special vigilance over the next year? We can hope that the Democratic victory will halt the movement for spectacular reorientation of the Marshall Plan in the direction of the Francos and Chiang Kai-sheks. But smaller and more technical difficulties remain.

1. *ECA and American surpluses.* Up to now, there has been no substance to the Communist charge that ECA is an instrumentality for the dumping of American surpluses. This is not due, however, to any excess of statesmanship or self-restraint on the part of American farmers and the American business community. It is due primarily to the fact that Harriman and Paul Hoffman have insisted that the criterion for shipping goods to Europe must be their contribution to European recovery. It is not the function of ECA, they have told importunate lobbyists, to maintain artificial high prices in the US by relieving producers of goods which would otherwise help break prices in the domestic market. Congress, of course, departed from this line itself when it made special provision in the act for the transfer of surplus agricultural commodities, but this section has been administered, on the whole, with discretion.

The pressure on surpluses will doubtless increase as the economy becomes less and less a shortage economy. But, where the disposition of the 80th Congress was to run interference for special interests, the 81st can probably be relied upon to back up Harriman and Hoffman in their resistance to the dumping of surpluses.

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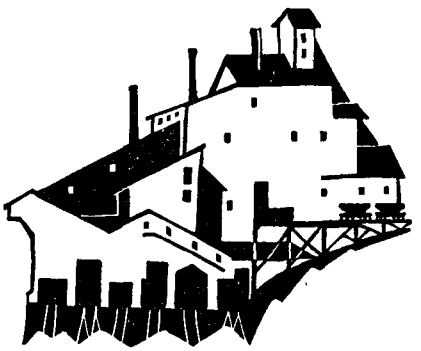
2. *ECA and the Investment Guarantee Program.* One section of the Foreign Assistance Act of 1948 authorizes ECA to make guarantees of investments in connection with approved projects in Marshall Plan countries. The guarantees are designed primarily to ensure the convertibility of any such investments into dollars; the projects must further the purposes of the act; and the intention of the section, of course, is the necessary and healthy one of encouraging private investment in Europe.

As administered up to this point, the section has not been abused. But the standards laid down in the act are vague, and there has been considerable business pressure to convert the Investment Guarantee Program into a crude weapon for forcing unwanted American business into foreign lands. As in the case of surpluses, the Truman victory will undoubtedly stiffen the resistance of ECA to such a corruption of the program.

3. *ECA and European socialism.* The impending nationalization of steel in Britain will apparently not raise serious questions in ECA. Harriman has been consistent in regarding nationalization as an internal issue to be decided by the voters of the country involved; and, though Hoffman has been critical of British steel nationalization, his statement on the subject after his recent return from Europe indicates full acceptance of the Harriman line.

4. *ECA and loyalty tests.* The Foreign Assistance Act has extraordinary provisions on the question of personnel security. Section 110 (c) declares that no one can be hired until the Administrator certifies in writing that the individual is "loyal to the United States, its Constitution, and form of government, and is not now and never has been a member of any organization advocating contrary views." This language is being interpreted today in ECA Washington as prohibiting the Administrator from employing any person who has ever at any time been a



DRAWINGS BY MARVIN BILEK

member of any organization on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations.

Such a construction of the act would forbid ECA, for example, from hiring Winthrop Aldrich or Senator Leverett Saltonstall, both of whom have been associated with the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship. This result is self-evidently absurd; and competent legal advice has demonstrated that the current ECA Washington interpretation is far more extreme than the law requires.

Hoffman's deputy, Howard Bruce, who tends to set ECA policy on loyalty cases, is not notably sympathetic to issues of civil liberty. His reaction is more often a plaintive wish that ECA would stop hiring doubtful persons and instead concentrate on upstanding characters with blameless (*i. e.*, conservative or inert) political pasts; and he has seemed to work on the theory that ECA can appease the worst elements in Congress by giving them a virtual veto over appointments. Harriman and ECA/Paris have had to fight hard to force individual cases through the cumbersome ECA security apparatus.

Everyone agrees that Communists or those muddleheads who continued to confuse communism with liberalism after the Stalin-Hitler pact should be kept out of ECA; but in its first few months ECA has construed its security obligations much more sweepingly than this. The change in Congress may make it necessary, however, for Bruce to start appeasing the civil libertarians instead of the witch-hunters.

5. *ECA and US economic policy.* European recovery cannot come about, of course, in the teeth of nationalist economic policies in the US. Not only must we take the necessary measures in the form of controls over allocations and prices in order to backstop the recovery program; not only must we avoid economic depression at home; but, more than that, we must commit ourselves to a broad policy of stepping up our imports from abroad. Increased European productivity will be of little avail if the US does not buy some of it, and thereby give the Europeans dollars with which they can buy our own production. If we will not buy goods from Europe, we will inevitably be driven back to the fool's game of handing dollars to Europe in order to subsidize the American export trade.

The 81st Congress can certainly be relied upon to extend the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act in a proper form and to set the nation on the path of general tariff reduction.

The election, by removing fears of Republican perversion of ERP, has been a shot in the arm for the Center and non-Communist Left groups everywhere in Europe. With the virtual certainty of continued congressional support for the Marshall Plan, and with the high probability of American military assistance against the possibility of internal and external aggression, the whole recovery enterprise will gain new confidence.

The great hope for world peace, it seems to me, still resides with ERP. The vicious character of the Communist campaign against European recovery requires the military as well as the political and economic strengthening of free Europe; and, without such military strengthening, ERP by itself will not be enough. But even with military support ERP will become a foundation for peace only so long as it dedicates itself to the promotion of democratic society in the West. Totalitarianism breeds war, as this age has come to know only too bitterly. ERP can breed peace only if it opposes all forms of totalitarianism and really strikes out for a free society.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

ORACLES AND THINGS

by Robert Fitzgerald

ONCE A GOOD WRITER has greatly interested or moved many people, it seems they will never let him alone. In the goodness of their hearts they will elect him to transfigure their patriotism or their communism or their journalism, or if he avoids employment they may at least succeed in worrying him half to death with their little attentions, their hopes and fears, cravings and cruelties, one of which is of course the demand that he do it again—do it again, or else. It is sometimes forgotten even by sensible critics that if an artist had been paying full attention to them he would never have done new work in the first place, and that if it was fine work, it said something more difficult than anything they can say. On the other hand artists are in general so swayed by vanity—apparently it is indispensable—and the labor of courageous art is often so indescribably painful, that it is the rarest thing in the world to see a man remain undistracted by the responses to his work. If the work is to achieve its full potential, however, he had better remain as little distracted as possible.

Two gifted American poets of the generation now in its fifties—Jeffers and MacLeish—have lately published ambitious new poems which in each case would be better if a dozen years ago the writer had vowed to do more of his printing in the form of carbon copies, left for a long time in a drawer. I should say that both poets might agree with this, and that among the motives that each has had for launching his compositions is a sense of public urgency. There is nothing ignoble in that. The wish to make everyone see what you have seen, and understand what you have understood, is good in itself and becomes a worthy passion when blindness and obtuseness appear to be not only general but funereal in their effects. If the only alternative were a kind of cameo-cutting in twilight, these two poets would be right to reject it. But the case—each case—is more complicated than that.

Robinson Jeffers, who admires Yeats, has cast a cold eye on life and death and in his best fragments has written lines, rather hugely and coldly hewn, that truthfully honor the life of rock-faces and external nature; but on a review of his work these outcroppings sink into a quagmire of appalling primitivism from which not even a pterodactyl could take wing. He has been trying to say to all men: "You are corrupted monsters, unworthy of a single mountain range," and in *The Double Axe* (Random House; $3) he outdoes himself in the violence of the saying; the two long fables of the volume are full of blood and carrion and incestuous horror.

It is easy to see why Jeffers does this: there is horror in the nature of things, nobody faces it, everybody lies about it, and this makes the poet angry. So here we have a boy—a recognizable American boy but one never presented on a magazine cover—so furious at being smashed to death on a Pacific beach that he reanimates his buried corpse and returns to California to murder his old man and make lecherous advances to his mother. The trouble is not in the poet's initial emotion; it is in the mindlessness of its working out; the sheer bombast and fantasy of it, like the vileness that small boys make up to turn each other's stomachs. If Jeffers were moved to violence by a real despair of communication, his grue would be more excusable; but I think that the exact opposite is the case. It is as if, going on his profound intimation of "transhuman magnificence"—the alien grandeur of nature—he had hammered out a big, oracular style years ago, become a big, oracular poet, and held himself thereafter absolved from the further use of his brains.

ROBINSON JEFFERS

The late John Peale Bishop had a rule more or less to the effect that a poet should never write about anything that a newspaperman could understand. Taken with the salt of the aphorism, it is a valuable rule and worth recalling here, because Jeffers has not only written about what a newspaperman could understand but has written about it in a way that a newspaperman could dismiss. Most of his new short lyrics are psalms of disgust at the war and the men who "duped" the rest of us into it, of praise for the beauty and durability of mountains, ocean and starlight compared with the transient obscenity of mankind, and lofty but rather spiteful addresses of welcome to all the woes to come. The attitude is childish and childishly easy; once assumed, it will turn out a Jeffers lyric an hour

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DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM SHARP

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

for anyone who wants to try it, but it is a sorry exhibition for a responsible poet to have made.

In Archibald MacLeish's verse there is a warmth of vision, a simplicity of heart and a delicacy of the open senses that have made it, when under craftsmanlike control, as fine a lyric instrument as any; and I have always doubted that people knew what they were talking about when they were supercilious about the "nostalgia" of certain lyrics or of the stunning and memorable *Conquistador*. It would be a good job for criticism to say something true and of general import about what happened—and might possibly have been kept from happening—in MacLeish's practice of poetry between *Conquistador* in 1932 and *America Was Promises* in 1939, the latter poem being so wretched by the standard of the former. We might then get, by a kind of triangulation, the "distance run" and relative position of his new long poem, *Actfive* (Random House; $2.50).

What happened, by the evidence of the poems, was that the writer, in easy stages and for excellent reasons, somewhat consented to his own success; accepting the fact of his poetic talent, he began to use it for purposes other than those which the talent itself demanded. It is hard to say that this was wrong, for MacLeish has other talents and to stifle them could not be considered a part of his obligation. But in his work with verse he seemed to lose the sense of artistic difficulty. "Not with my hand's strength, not with difficult labor, Springing the obstinate words . . ." —these phrases could not have been written by the poet about his later verse. Had he achieved careless mastery? No. Had he then perhaps overcome that vanity of the artist that is bound up with the obduracy of the material and the unattainability of the end? I think so, partly. At least he gave proof of human virtue and human conscience. It could be said with some justice that Robinson Jeffers, having found a style and an attitude that suited him and suitably impressed others, perhaps unconsciously exploited them and studied his vocation no more. But MacLeish, a more sensitive poet, surrendered a better attitude and style for the sake of the commonwealth. Whatever he may have accomplished, it did not include any poetry of good quality after *The Fall of the City* ten years ago.

The ear that had been refined by Verlaine and Pound, the imagination subtilized by St. John Perse, were gradually coarsened by American journalism and American socio-political glibness; the once new and breathing rhythms became forced and mannered; the style once enriched by the poetic ambience of the twenties turned into a parody of itself. Listen again to the earnestly phrased verse that was in touch with something (circa 1928, in *transition*): "Life is a haft that has fitted the palms of many, With sweat bitter, browned by numerous hands. . . . Death is the rest of it, Death is the same bones and the trees nearer . . ." and see how this serious turn of style had become an infantile trick in the title *America Was Promises*.

Actfive is not a good poem but it is better than the one last mentioned. Work has gone into it; it has a measure of shape and texture, and it moves. In form it is the description of a vaguely symbolic masque, oddly harking back to the poet's early *Hamlet of A. MacLeish*. In almost everything the poem says I find at best a forlorn fuzziness and at worst a fustian and portentous nonsense, the burden being in brief that all is lost save honor—the honor not of the whole man but of the "flesh and bone," the "heart" and suchlike entities from which mind and spirit are pointedly excluded. The poet used to write out of anger at people who despised, or talked pompously about, things they hadn't experienced, like "the plump Mr. P'l'f" who was "washing his hands of America." In *Actfive* MacLeish washes his hands of a good deal that is not evoked as experience except in the most facile and hollow and at times almost undergraduate terms.

It is necessary to take up these poems in this way because poetry is still and always under the obligation to transcend, not to offend, the canons of good sense and good prose. The reader, on his side, ought to understand that the poet writes as he can, and that his problems are never as simple as the reader may think. But the least that can be asked of poets who represent American literature is that they write well when they write for publication. Both Jeffers and MacLeish can write extremely well, and there are passages in the shorter lyrics published in each of these volumes that prove it.

LABOR IN ENGLAND

BRITISH TRADE UNIONISM: Six Studies by PEP (PEP, London; 15 shillings —available in the US through the *New Republic*; $4.50).

SINCE the monumental works by Sidney and Beatrice Webb there has been little on the British unions for American readers, although many new developments have taken place. The topic is of great interest, not only because British unionism and collective bargaining are older institutions than their US counterparts and have often been regarded as models, but because the war brought new experiences and the unions themselves have now be-

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come responsible parts of a state in process of socialization.

This recent report by the staff of Political and Economic Planning covers present trade-union structure, the processes of adjustment both voluntary and governmental, wages, hours and other subjects of negotiation, the general staff of labor and its relations with the Labor Party, employers' organizations, the government, international labor bodies, and the special problems which have arisen since the war, such as governmental economic policy, full employment and the nationalized industries.

Since 1931 the number of British unions has declined sharply because of amalgamation, while the membership has nearly doubled; it is now almost nine million. The distribution of union membership is roughly similar to that in this country, the main difference being that it is proportionally larger among government employees. The British have never had a general law, like the Wagner Labor Relations Act or the Taft-Hartley Act, to regulate collective bargaining. There are various governmental bodies for conciliation or arbitration, but the reaching of trade agreements is a voluntary process. Governmental compulsion is used, not to enforce acceptance of decisions by unions or organized employers, but to make certain that accepted decisions are applied by all members of a trade or industry and to enforce minimum wages in the more exploited occupations.

During and since the war there has been legal prohibition of strikes, but on the whole this statute has been observed by the unions and no official action has been taken to enforce it. In general, the moral compulsion of mutual consent is relied upon to a greater extent in British than in American industrial relations. This is no doubt a reflection of the greater democratic cohesiveness and self-discipline of British society as well as of the larger external perils which have threatened it. Other differences which distinguish the two labor movements are that the British leaders have remained less professionalized and make use of fewer research staffs and attorneys.

The new situation brought about by the combination of a socialist government and the economic stringency which confronts postwar Britain has raised important problems which this study does scarcely more than state. In socialized industries there has been little change in collective-bargaining methods. Trade-union habits tend to persist, although some union representatives form a part of management and the executives of industry are appointed by a government for which labor is responsible. In private industry as well, labor participates in joint bodies which are concerned with increasing productivity and reducing cost. Some adjustment has to be made between the traditional labor anxiety about safeguarding jobs and preventing unemployment on the one hand, and necessity for a better allocation of the labor force and industrial planning under full employment on the other. The authors of the report believe that such problems will be solved if ways can be found to strengthen the individual worker's confidence that he will personally benefit under the new system.

GEORGE SOULE

WORTH REPRINTING

THE TRIPLE THINKERS, by Edmund Wilson (The Oxford University Press; $4).

IN THIS REPRINT, Edmund Wilson has omitted one essay from the original volume and added three new pieces: "The Historical Interpretation of Literature," "Morose Ben Jonson," and one on "Mr. Rolfe," a reminiscence of an early instructor at Wilson's school. This is described as a "revised" edition: some of the essays have been completely rewritten, but the changes in matter have been restricted to such factual information as references to books subsequently published. Any further ideas have been placed in a postscript or in footnotes.

As Wilson says, however, "one can never read the same book twice," and there *are* notable changes. His dissatisfaction with Henry James's romances "in which the parties either never got together or are never seen functioning as lovers" was based on readings of his college days "when James's lack of real 'love interest' is likely to prejudice one against him." He somewhat revises, too (in the light of the recently published *Notebooks*), his interpretation of *The Turn of the Screw*. He recognizes that James's "conscious intention" was to write a ghost story, and he admits (what has always seemed an obvious flaw in his thesis) that "I forced a point in trying to explain away the passage in which the housekeeper identifies, from the governess' description, the male apparition with Peter Quint." On the other hand, his emendations to "Is Verse a Dying Technique?" are disappointingly inadequate. He goes so far as to admit strength in Auden's recent poetry, but "for the sake of my argument" he notes a verging toward prose in several passages of *The Age of Anxiety*. But such a device is all for the sake of the poetry, not an abandonment of it, and is perfectly traditional.

As a reprint of a book that contains some of its author's most memorable essays, the present volume falls outside the not unreasonable strictures on his recent work. But in so far as there has been, of late, a concerted determination among his critics (or detractors) to bury Wilson and not to praise him, this book would come under that general proscription. And a rereading of this book demonstrates, in my opinion, that the objection to Wilson is that he is an unfashionable *kind* of critic. Apart from the reservations to which a body of opinion is always subject, it would be impossible, I think, to name anyone in our time who could rival what he has done. And since he is, among other purposes, an informative writer, he has often treated neglected subjects of which his is the only (or the highest) opinion.

His general method he describes (in one of the new essays of the book) as "historical," that is, "the interpretation of literature in its social, economic and political aspects." It is the

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method that best incorporates his talents: that of recreating a solid milieu and showing the writer "as a real man, dealing with a real world at a definite moment of time," and in the light of this demonstration investigating the significant relation between a writer's life and personality and his work; that of understanding a fictional character as a rounded, independent figure (though his hypotheses can become somewhat tenuous when he gets a character out of context and onto the analyst's couch). This kind of investigation is best suited to writers of fiction and their work. In addition, Wilson recognizes that this work is prior and that the final act of criticism is judgment of value, or, as he puts it, the determination of "the relative degrees of success attained by the products of the various periods and the various personalities."

The risk in such a method is that it becomes not "literary criticism at all, but merely social or political history as reflected in literary tests, or psychological case histories from past eras." Thus Wilson anticipates criticism of his method, except that I would say the risk for him is not in overlooking or excluding value judgments (his taste is usually fine and sure), but rather that in his purpose of interpreting literature, of accounting for it and explaining it in terms of other knowledges, he would almost seem to turn it into something else, into sciences or half-sciences.

A part of this need to "understand" a subject, to reduce it to terms other than its own, is his frequent refusal or inability to give token credence to beliefs or states of mind which he finds unsympathetic. For example, he calls religion "a delusion entertained by other people which one has to try to allow for and understand," but can it be "understood" by a student of social history and psychology merely as a "delusion"? Nevertheless, even this has its compensations, for Wilson's skeptical, inquiring and factual intelligence makes a heady appeal to anyone with a weakness for common sense. JOHN FARRELLY

RUSSIA WITHOUT TEARS

THE BUSY BUSY PEOPLE, by Samuel Spewack (Houghton Mifflin Company; $3).

SOME YEARS AGO Samuel Spewack wrote a sharp and ironic farce, called "Clear All Wires," about the misadventures of a cocky American foreign correspondent among the Bolsheviks, his hero being readily recognizable as the late, flamboyant Floyd Gibbons. It was an incisive satire, which, amid its laughter, captured with remarkable success and a good deal of sympathy the bewildering combination of ruthlessness and idealism that is Soviet Russia, and the confusion of bumptious and naïve but well-meaning Americans when thrown into violent contact with it. Now, in a short novel called *The Busy Busy People*, Spewack has attempted to do something of the same thing with wartime Moscow and the restless and frustrated Americans of the Embassy, military missions and journalistic corps, doomed to idleness and petty bickering by the Russians' suspicions of their new ally.

In both the play and the novel the plot outline is farcical, but the purpose and implications are serious. Although it makes lively and frequently provocative reading, *The Busy Busy People* is less successful than was the play in amalgamating its conflicting elements. On one side, there is the ridiculous tale of an Embassy can of peaches, which an attaché gives to a correspondent and which keeps bobbing up all over Moscow, thereby causing the feuds and jealousies of the American mission to scale new heights. On the other, there is the tragic story of an old Bolshevik, proud of the Revolution but troubled by its moral failures, who is twice imprisoned unjustly; and of an earnest American newspaperman who dies of heartbreak when he is expelled from the country he loves no less truly because he is deeply critical of it.

"I want to know," he asks the old Bolshevik, "by what reasoning the second venture into the Brotherhood of Man acquired terror, red tape and a new caste system. Are these inherent in the perversity of the human animal? Or were they defects in your blueprint? Why is it that men who set out to lead other men out of the wilderness invariably lead them into another wilderness, and millions die in the trek?" Bunin, the old Bolshevik, does not answer him, because the questions have bothered him, too, but he has his own query concerning the American. "Who was Thomas," he thinks, "to sit in judgment on a revolution that had already changed not only the face of a huge country, but the character of its people? He didn't understand that perfection took infinite time. Americans were an impatient people."

Thus, the novel ponders vital problems that grasp the tremendous paradox of the Soviet Union. How, with its magnificent achievements in building a new world and its mighty dream of a brotherhood of free men, did it, amid its victories, lose so much moral prestige and fail to prepare its people for that free society? If the author is more effective with the simpler matter of his satire than with the complexity of probing the Russian soul, it is for the not surprising reason that he is better equipped for being the Spewack of "Clear All Wires" than the Koestler of *Darkness at Noon*, which the second part of his novel suggests.

But while the *The Busy Busy People* is not an integrated or completely successful novel, it has the unusual virtue in any sort of book about Russia of not only putting honest and searching questions but of putting them sympathetically and for the purpose of finding out the truth, not for the malicious joy of denouncing an enemy social system. The tone may be scornful and frivolous and the final result superficial, but the issues raised are serious and only too sadly to the point. All those who write critically of the Soviet Union insist that their motives are not hostile, but few of them are convincing. Spewack belongs to that minority and, severe as he is, when he rejoices over Russia's triumphs and sorrows over her defects, you believe him. RICHARD WATTS JR.

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RADIO: Mr. Paley's Whiskers

THIS DEPARTMENT has more than once implied that CBS is the most creative of our networks. It now seems that it may also be the most subtle. In an argument by inference, CBS has just delivered a powerful critique of the one industry radio has thus far feared to examine too closely—broadcasting itself.

That's the only explanation I have for what happened on CBS when it gave a full hour to a documentary entitled "The Hollywood Picture." As a production, the piece was sometimes as lively as a statistical chart on hog exports. Yet there was a lot of life in the sixty minutes. The excitement came less from what the script said about Hollywood than from what it implied about radio.

Doctor Frank Stanton, CBS president, is a well-known psychologist, which may have had something to do with the method employed. But I suspect that the real manipulator of the hidden meaning is William S. Paley, chairman of the board and once described here as the "successful artist conscious of his mission." It's known that he kept a hand on this documentary from the time the idea was born last February. It is known also that Paley is a believer in more, and better, radio criticism. CBS was giving it.

From the start, "Hollywood Picture" emphasized the mass medium's relationship to people. "It is a story," said the script, "of a moral force that reaches out to color the lives and influence the minds of nearly everyone in America." Now "moral force" is the kind of talk many broadcasters find offensive around a studio. Paley had to be careful, so he kept his narrator's eye on the movies. And the narrator said:

"Whether you, the *movie-goer*, think of *motion pictures* in broad social terms, or only as a distraction . . . you do a lot of thinking about them. Each of you is a critic with a set of standards of his own."

Substitute "listener" and "radio" for the terms italicized—and Paley's act stands bare.

The script focused on Samuel Goldwyn as the highest type of independent film producer, and "The Best Years of Our Lives" as a great Hollywood product which came through to glory after much travail and expense.

The actor who played Goldwyn on the air spoke quite unlike the model for the thousands of malapropisms publicized these many years by Hollywood. The program as a whole failed to suggest the many really good pictures done by "the majors" as often as by the independents. (Item: "The Snake Pit," a current critical rave, was produced by one of the majors, 20th Century-Fox.) But the points the script did discuss were largely true—as true of radio as they are of motion pictures.

In the beginning, there was a gleam in Goldwyn's eye, and this glowed later into "Best Years." In the beginning, there was a CBS Documentary Unit idea of dissecting Hollywood, and it began to ferment last February when the case of the Hollywood Ten was in the news and Hollywood was in danger of kowtowing to Un-American Activities Committee censorship.

At the beginning, Goldwyn sought a writer. So did CBS. Goldwyn got a ream of poetry from Mackinlay Kantor and passed the headache on to Robert E. Sherwood. CBS got a script from Peter Lyon, a man capable of the toughest punching in radio. Paley wasn't looking for a bout just then. So, as there is compromise in Hollywood, there was trimming at CBS. The Hollywood Ten and the Un-American Activities Committee appeared—but briefly. A lot of other material got in, some not brief enough. But all of it had so clear a parallel with radio that one must remain convinced it was planned that way.

"Hollywood is a very small-town small town, self-sufficient, inbred, snob-ridden, and alive with fears and jealousies, as befits a community where happiness and success are most often measured by the size of the weekly paycheck."

Really, Mr. Paley!

Hollywood's major producers are five, and they not only manufacture the product but act simultaneously as "wholesalers" (distributors) and as "retailers" (theatre owners) who are too often more interested in "brick and mortar" than in art.

Radio's major networks number four.

Hollywood producers often insist: "The public won't go for a hero with a beard . . . for a picture with no girls . . . for fantasy . . . for a message." Too often, Hollywood passes up real talent in deference to "the star system."

Hollywood is too conscious of the fact that 90 million people who go to the movies once a week must be pleased. (CBS advertisement: ". . . the network where 99 million people gather every week.") Hollywood never forgets that the 19-year-olds in our population contribute more to the box office than any other age group. (Soap-opera fans who get 50 percent of their fare from CBS—the rest from NBC—contribute most heavily to the sponsor who wants to spend a lot of money for full-hour documentaries.)

Film producers watch "Audience Research Institute" figures (*cf.* Hooperatings). . . . In Hollywood "businessmen have made an industry out of an art." . . . In Hollywood, some people lament "there just isn't enough talent to go 'round." . . . Story conferences are bores, yet productive, too. . . . Directors have been known to drive writers crazy, yet sometimes they provide the spark that transmutes craftsmanship into artistry.

Only once did the script mention radio. That was in a quotation from Elmer Rice, who said: "Established novelists and dramatists write what they please. . . . Independence is a matter of paramount importance to writers; and until motion-picture and

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radio executives recognize this fact, they can hardly expect to get these authors to write for them."

But if Paley doesn't yet qualify for the Radio Writers' Guild, he has earned membership in the Radio Critics' Circle. As yet he does not flout the president of the National Association of Broadcasters, who has denounced critics as "quacks, charlatans, crackpots." But we know what he means when he has his narrator close the "Hollywood" program with this advice to listeners:

"You can ask for more good pictures, pictures you want, and you can and should voice your disapproval of those you don't like. Channels do exist by which you can make your voice heard. . . . Of all the factors brought to bear upon the producers, you . . . are the most influential, the most important."

We can take a hint. SAUL CARSON

MOVIES: Bergman's Martyrdom

THE LEGEND of Joan of Arc is so well known, down to its details, that a valid presentation of it now must offer something new either of dramatic intensity or spiritual insight. I am unfamiliar with Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine," so I cannot say what freshness of emotion or insight it brought to the original folk tale, but the film that is based on it and to which Anderson lends his name brings none.

Walter Wanger's "Joan of Arc," Victor Fleming directing and Ingrid Bergman starring, is a religious rodeo, a Western in armor. It provides bedazzlement in preference to invention; it displays actors in box-office profusion but does not require them to act; it rejects plausibility in favor of commercial acceptability; it is contemptuous of its audience. For all its Technicolor lavishness, "Joan of Arc" is as black and white a picture as ever came off a sound stage. The good people are radiant; the evils ones drool and leer like a convention of lascivious mortgage foreclosers. No strain is placed on the fragile understanding of a public that might be confused by conflicting motives or divided loyalties. The instructions are so simple a child could follow them—which is the idea.

Admittedly, there is no objection to telling the life of a saint in childlike terms. Folk heroes steer wide of complications, though the doctors make impressive owl's nests of their clear histories. But if the chronicle of the Maid of Orleans is to be shown as a simple morality, it must be fashioned in a spirit of exaltation and innocence. "Joan of Arc" is as down-to-earth, as uninspired a chronicle as could well be made of saints and kings and princes of the church wrestling for the possession of a nation. It is too shrewdly designed to be innocent, too aware of the titillation of a girl in boy's clothing, of the snob interest in wealth and position, of the pleasures of vicarious bloodletting (particularly in Technicolor). It is simple only in the sense that it is emotionally threadbare; it is uplifted only by apocalyptic lighting and portentous music and the flaunted symbols of church and state. Nobility is spread on it like an ointment.

Ingrid Bergman has not a strikingly ethereal personality; she is too healthy and sensible for morbid woolgathering. Still, something might have been done to raise the pressure of her dedication. As it is, she lectures her heavenly counsellers like a nice little girl disciplining her dolls; and when she rallies the demoralized French army beneath the walls of Orleans, she seems, for all her duraluminum armor, like a Junior League slummer in a mission hall. "There will be no gambling and no blaspheming and none of *those* women in my army," says she in what seems a strangely hardshell speech for a Catholic saint. She is Miss Arc, a competent and entirely worthy young lady; she is not the God-ridden Saint Joan.

In the trial scenes, Miss Bergman goes along better, for there is something inevitably appealing about a young girl being bullied by a bunch of grown men. But here the producers have gathered such an outrageous gang of sadistic assassins that the film swings down close to the burlesque of a road-show "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When it develops that Joan's jailor has an amorous interest in witches, the farce begins to show all around the edges and the bonfire is lighted just in time. The stake is a splendid thing, much more elaborate than you would expect for just one martyr. An executioner suffers a severe but belated attack of remorse and, as Miss Bergman begins to perspire gently, someone remarks that now she belongs to posterity. The film has signally failed to show why that should be true.

José Ferrer makes his screen debut in "Joan of Arc." He is the Dauphin whose weakness and venality betray the Maid to her English enemies, and he deserves to be mentioned separately because he has almost no share in the general foolishness. Ferrer is not a subtle actor (he excels in such diversely extravagant parts as Iago and Charley's aunt) but he is intelligent and hard-working. He plays the wastrel kingling with a style and a restless invention that knock the other performers off the screen.

"Joan of Arc" is a pretentious and false picture that makes its appeal through sensation and sentimentality, but because it goes through the motions of a martyrdom and because it makes a great show of the crucifix in the closing moments it will probably be called moving and deeply religious. If the Maid and the cross were a part of my faith I should be indignant at this debasement of their symbolism.

The art of slapstick, as everyone knows, is timing. There is nothing funny about hitting a man over the head with a bladder, but if you beat him to the right rhythm you can reduce an audience to hysteria.

Preston Sturges, one of Holly-

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wood's best prat-fall directors, must know this better than I do, but he has let it escape him in "Unfaithfully Yours." This farce based on a case of mistaken adultery builds intricately to a scene of frantic housebreaking which in turn sets the stage for one moment of shattering laughter. The explosion is stupendous, but it isn't enough by itself to comprise a riotous evening.

Rex Harrison, the butt of the great guffaw, plays an English symphonic conductor, possessed of a title and a private fortune, whose family wealth derives from a popular but mildly embarrassing household remedy. Since the film cannot possibly intend to satirize Sir Thomas Beecham, the coincidence is disconcerting. I am puzzled also by the fact that when the receiver of a dial phone is accidentally dislodged, the operator says "number please." Hollywood doesn't do that sort of thing by mistake, and yet it seems impossible that Sturges would deliberately make an error that jars the audience out of its aisle-rolling.

Still the film does have the one laugh, plus several chuckles, Rudy Vallee as a thoroughly adequate stooge and Linda Darnell as the obviously virtuous wife. Considering what's on the market these days, that adds up almost to a bargain offer.

The corn waves high over "June Bride," and it is no less authentic maize because Robert Montgomery and Bette Davis wink and smirk and otherwise demonstrate that they recognize the nature of the product they are selling. Kidded corn gets very cute.

A foreign correspondent between assignments (Montgomery) and a housewives'-magazine editor (Miss Davis) hie their painfully sophisticated selves off to the antimacassar belt to concoct a story of marriage in the spring. The arrogant idea is to bring chic to the sticks for the instruction of the Bendix audience by sweating 30 pounds off the bride's mama, sawing up the old sofa and slapping Kemtone all over the hearts-and-flowers wallpaper.

Amid such hilarious incidents as Montgomery getting drunk on hard cider and winning a hog-calling contest, and the demure intended eloping with the wrong man, the lady boss and her star hack discover that the old ways are the best and that what they took for an allergy was love all the while. The closing scene, in which Miss Davis learns the joys of submission, is one to make any suffragette in the audience march out and handcuff herself to the nearest lamppost.

Except that they are old for such pranks, you could suspect that Montgomery and Davis appear in this film as part of the public humiliation traditional to fraternity hazing.

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THEATRE

Best of Motives

Everyone wanted to like Dorothy Heyward's "Set My People Free" (at the Hudson). Some succeeded. Everyone wanted to like it because it is an honest effort to deal seriously with a little-known episode in American Negro history.

It is the story of a would-be rebellion against the whites led by Denmark Vesey, a slave brought to this country on a slave ship at the age of fourteen. In 1822 he planned to kill all the slave owners in Charleston and to effect an escape for the rebels to San Domingo.

Mrs. Heyward tells us that while Vesey's direct-action methods were bad, his cause was right. The loyal slave George Wilson, who because of moral scruples fails to participate in the struggle to liberate his people, is condemned to a tragic isolation as bitter as the plight of his rebellious brothers. The play is a chapter in the Negro's long struggle for freedom.

All this is most respectable. But the play does little more than tell its story and state its thesis. The story is too simple in itself to have much real impact and the thesis is too baldly put to have much social or intellectual significance. The play lacks focus. In so far as it attempts to create sheer excitement and suspense it fails, since the prospect of the mass murder of the whites by the Negro slaves is not only distasteful for us to contemplate, but we know in advance that such a mass murder never took place. The bloody aspect of the idea is, moreover, played down in deference to the sensibilities of the audience.

Even as a play that presents the age-old conflict between the zealot to whom all means to a desired end are fair, and the man of tender conscience to whom means are as important as ends, "Set My People Free" is unsatisfactory, for the point is made only

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in the last scene, and then rather inconclusively. Even more troubling is the fact that the Negro problem, as well as the more general problem of the opposition of the two different kinds of leader, no longer presents itself today in the special terms employed by "Set My People Free." For this reason the audience watches the play as a historical document of somewhat academic interest, which can be made more immediate only by a considerable effort of the mind.

A story and a theme are not enough. A play or any other work of art must have something within its texture which makes the reason for its existence clear at every moment of our contact with it. Its justification cannot lie in the explanation we ascribe to it after the fact, but in its complete aliveness to our senses and to our hearts at practically every point. A good Balzac novel, for example, often seems like melodramatic balderdash in its details, but there is a feeling of enormous vitality throughout it all which excites us despite our rational rejection of its absurdities.

The production of "Set My People Free"—apart from some effective settings by Ralph Alswang, and Canada Lee's performance as George Wilson—suffers from the same faults as the play. The play's writing is uninspired and the production has no particular emphasis. It is not melodrama, epic, pageant or character study. The "incidental" singing has no mood, the dancing no quality, the whole no genuine style.

As Denmark Vesey, Juano Hernandez, who was first-rate in "Strange Fruit" three years ago, is an impressive personality with great potentialities. He is, however, an essentially realistic actor with a kind of dry power, and the mood of exalted conviction and almost saintly devotion does not actually become him. Canada Lee is much closer to a sense of tragedy. He plays with an inner conviction that transcends the near banality of his role and makes George Wilson the real hero of "Set My People Free."

HAROLD CLURMAN

MUSIC: Names in the News

THE TWO CHIEF New York recital centers, Town Hall and Carnegie Hall, are the markets on which American musical careers are made and broken. In daily procession through the year, singers, pianists and violinists present themselves before the critics who will pass judgment on them and the managers who may want to find them engagements across the country. At the height of the season—from December to February—the choice dates are preempted by established artists in need of fresh New York press notices for the salesmen who are about to book them for the next fall and winter. But in the early autumn, and again in the spring, most recitals are given either by newcomers or by performers whose prestige is not great enough to enable them to demand dates in the crowded midseason.

This year, several musicians of unusual ability presented themselves during the tryout weeks of October and early November. The list of successes is not long—it never is—but a few artists emerged above the routine level, and you are likely to run across their names from now on. Because a postwar rush of Europeans in search of American acclaim has begun, some of the debutants were foreigners with good reputations at home.

A twenty-year-old American pianist, Byron Janis, provided one of the most exciting evenings of the fall. New York was late in hearing him, for he has played for three years in smaller cities, under the aegis of Community Concerts, and he toured South America last summer. This was a wise managerial procedure. With so much substantial experience to back him up, he was able to face a Carnegie Hall audience without nervousness, and to prove beyond argument that he is one of the most promising young pianists in the country. His emotional drive, mechanical dexterity and clear articulation suggest the playing of Vladimir Horowitz, with whom he has studied. But he is no carbon copy of his master. He is deeply musical, and he arrives at his own conclusions about the music he plays. His brilliant virtuosity will win him a big following at the outset, and his artistic sanity and poise should make his success permanent.

Nell Tangeman, a Midwestern mezzo-soprano who has been working at her career for a good many more years than young Janis, finally made her way to the top. Her Town Hall recital again proved that you do not have to sing perfectly if you can sing interestingly. Actually, singing is physically difficult for Miss Tangeman; apparently nobody has ever shown her an easy method of vocalization. But she overrides this obstacle by musical will power, and delivers her songs

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with sweeping breadth, declamatory force and an unusually beautiful feeling for the grace and curve of a melody.

The American baritone Mack Harrell, far better known than either Janis or Miss Tangeman, has now won recognition as a supreme interpreter of lieder, through his singing of Brahms and Schubert in successive Town Hall recitals. I did not hear the Brahms program, which was greatly praised, but in Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin" cycle his poetic insight illuminated both text and music with the kind of revelation we used to expect, but did not always get, from the famous German lieder singers of a generation ago. Among contemporaries in this country, only Lotte Lehmann has as much to offer in this field.

The European imports have brought both pleasure and pain. Jacqueline Blancard, a Swiss pianist, made every phrase a miracle of good taste and effortless communication. She played three Mozart concertos enchantingly with Daniel Saidenberg and a small orchestra at her first concert, and later turned her urbane gifts to a recital of violin and piano music with an admirable Swiss compatriot, André de Ribaupierre (newly appointed to the faculty of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, to succeed the late Jacques Gordon). Szymon Goldberg, concert master of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in pre-Hitler days and more lately a resident of Palestine, leapt into a position of first-rate importance among violinists with his striking Carnegie Hall recital.

Something of a tragedy was the debut of the tenor, Aksel Schiotz, billed as "The Voice of Denmark." Because his recordings of Bach, Handel and German lieder have been popular among collectors, his arrival in this country aroused a degree of interest not warranted by the results at his Town Hall recital. Although the fact had not been widely publicized, a serious operation two years ago left his voice badly impaired and the right side of his face paralyzed. The audience responded compassionately, but many of its members wondered why they should be asked to express sympathy in this peculiarly embarrassing way toward an artist who should not yet be appearing in public.

CECIL SMITH

CORRESPONDENCE

Youth vs. Sheean

[The letter from Vincent Sheean in the November 1 issue, in which he commented on the (to him) dangerous implications of the abuse he had encountered in his opposition to Henry Wallace, has produced a new spate of correspondence. The debate is somewhat dated by the election that has intervened but, lest we in turn be accused of having been purchased by "interests" unnamed, we publish below brief excerpts from a few of them. – THE EDITORS]

Only if one sees through the eyes of today's youth that we have inherited a depression and a war we never made, and are about to reap the whirlwind of another war and another depression which we try now in vain to head off but cannot because those who control us all refuse to heed our cries for prosperity and peace—only if one sees this can one see the root of our anger and understand whatever truth and justice may lie in our cause.

HOWARD L. PARSONS,
Division of Humanities,
Galesburg, Ill. University of Illinois

"Moral superiority is a dangerous thing," Sheean says, "above all to the young." It seems to be wrong for youth to have any sense of moral judgment against the prevailing climate in America.

> Their's not to reason why,
> Their's but to do and die

I have a hard time believing this from the pen of Mr. Sheean unless it be an attack of old age.

CLYDE M. ALLISON, Editor,
Youth Fellowship Kit
Philadelphia, Pa.

Vincent Sheean tells his youthful critics that they are young and he is old. It is very true.

Some of Mr. Wallace's supporters are young in years, and all are young in hope. They have the ignorance in which ideals prosper. But we, the wise and weary, the gentle, spent, and old, can-

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not even move our bodies from the sun, to let fall a little light.
Cynwyd, Pa. BARROWS DUNHAM

What really annoys us very much is not the accidental fact that Mr. Sheean happened to run into some kids who blew their tops. It is the much more calculated fact that the *NR* and Mr. Sheean chose to read some great profundity into these letters and very solemnly made them the subject of a precious page of discourse on the future of democracy.

I don't think Mr. S's correspondence is that significant or interesting, and I have a hunch the *NR* wouldn't either if it didn't provide an awfully dignified way to take a smack at a particularly irritating segment of political opposition.
ZENITH H. GROSS
Executive Secretary,
Franklin County Progressive Party
Columbus, Ohio

I am seventy-one years old, and my deep regret is that there is such a paltry few of our youth who can fit into Mr. Sheean's category. Would that there were millions of them who could be thoroughly intolerant of greed and injustice and warmongering and profiteering and bat-blinded leadership.
Oakland, Calif. GEORGE A. FLANAGAN

What makes Mr. Sheean think that only "Wallace Youth" ever accused an opposing party of being evil, corrupt and bought by the "interests"? Such charges are "in the tradition" of all political parties at election time.
Worcester, Mass. SILVIO ZANETTI

If Mr. Sheean speaks for the non and anti-Wallaceites, then his statements are reminiscent of the conversation the pot had with the kettle.
New York City HENRY D. FRIEDMAN

In the interest of economy, Vincent Sheean's full-page reflections, "The Wallace Youth," might well have been condensed into one sentence: "When I was young, I, too, was a radical."
Chicago, Ill. STUDS TERKEL

I invite Mr. Sheean to masquerade as a Wallace supporter for a while. He will be called, as have we, a fool, a communist, a misguided tool of the communists, a foggy idealist, a naïve dabbler in things beyond his ken. Couple the name calling with the Ku Klux Klan's kidnaping of some of our members in Georgia, the Washington, D. C., Police Department's raids on our private social functions, and the fact that many Wallace supporters in all walks of life have been fired, and perhaps Mr. Sheean can better tolerate our occasional lapses into the very human emotion of bitterness.
Washington, D. C. JIM WRAY

BANDWAGON

Other-Worldly

CHURCH NOT IN POLITICS—
POPE ASKS FIRM
ANTI-RED STAND

—*Headline in the St. Paul* Pioneer Press.

The Spirit Is Willing?

"It amuses anybody who knows Russia to hear of 'millions' being shipped off to concentration camps in Siberia," Dr. Johnson [the "Red Dean"] said. He added that it is "amusing" because transportation of "millions" there now is an impossibility because of the lack of transportation facilities. —*From the Montreal* Daily Star.

Lucky Sambo

Colored people in the North sometimes feel that industrially their opportunities are limited. The occupations open to them are perfectly honorable, but an ambitious boy or girl may be pardoned for moments of discouragement. But after all, what would have happened if colored people had all stayed in Africa? Perhaps they should not be too greatly discontented over what they do not have here. —*From* Today's Problems, *by R. O. Hughes, a high-school civics textbook.*

Nothing to Worry About

The new Senate is Democratic but it is overwhelmingly conservative. The country is just as safe in the hands of men like George of Georgia and Byrd of Virginia as under the control of Northern Republicans. —*From Edson B. Smith's column in the Boston* Herald.

Our readers are invited to contribute, $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. — The Editors

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says CROSBY

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Folks, this is fantastic, but old Hope has a great idea. He thinks *everybody* ought to give U. S. Savings Bonds for Christmas presents!

HOPE:

Thanks for the kind words, son. But no kidding, ladies and gentlemen, those Bonds are sensational. They're appropriate for *anyone* on your list. On Christmas morning, nothing looks better in a stocking—except maybe Dorothy Lamour.

CROSBY:

Old Ski Nose is correct. And don't forget how easy it is to buy bonds—you can get 'em at *any* bank or post office.

HOPE:

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